

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

VOL. I.—No. 26.

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As the first volume of the ROUND TABLE closes with the present number, the conductors of the paper deem it proper to say to their friends a few words of a somewhat personal character. Partaking of the general desire for a high-toned, independent, and impartial periodical, they issued early in November last the following brief circular:

"In response to the demand in this country for a weekly publication, truly national in its character, which shall be devoted to the real interests of American life and letters, 'THE ROUND TABLE,' a weekly record of the notable, the useful, and the tasteful, is announced.

"Each issue of the paper will contain articles on current topics, domestic and foreign; popular essays; impartial reviews of recent publications; historical and biographical sketches; criticisms of works of art, and of worthy musical and dramatic entertainments; and the news of the week in the various departments of art, literature, and science.

"THE ROUND TABLE' will not restrict itself to any exclusive circle of contributors, but will seek aid and co-operation from any and all writers who have acknowledged reputations for literary ability and geniality.

"Identifying itself with no narrow policy or prejudice, but aiming to take the highest possible ground in every matter of opinion and taste, the new weekly will study to be, in principle and practice, truly cosmopolitan."

The responses to this circular were numerous and gratifying. They were, however, almost unanimous in the expression of doubts as to the success of such an enterprise. Still the conductors believed that a cordial welcome would be extended to a periodical that would strive to elevate the standard of thought and expression, as well by unsparing criticism as by the publication of a class of writings superior to that of the current literature of America. The high position which has been awarded to the ROUND TABLE by the press and the most intelligent portion of the community affords abundant proof that this belief was well grounded.

The anonymous character of the paper is so different from the plan on which most of the periodicals of the day are conducted, that it deserves mention. Instead of organizing a regular corps of editors, the columns of the paper were thrown open to all who chose to write for them, the sole test of publication being the real merit of the contri-

butions. Among those who, from time to time, have contributed to the ROUND TABLE are the following, the reader being at liberty to surmise what articles came from their pens:

Adams, Rev. W., D.D., New York. Lord, Miss F. E., Portland, Me.
Aldrich, T. B., " Mason, G. C., Newport, R. I.
Anthon, Prof. C. E., " McClellan, Gen. Geo. B.,
Arnold, Geo., " Orange, N. J.
Balfour, D. M., Boston. Mitchell, D. G., New Haven, Ct.
Barber, Joseph, New York. Nicholson, P. F., New York.
Barry, Wm., Chicago. Orne, Mrs. C. F., Cambridge,
Benson, E., New York. Mass.
Bogart, W. H., Albany. Osgood, Rev. S., D.D.
Bugbee, J. M., Boston. Piatt, J. J., Washington, D. C.
Calkins, Rev. P. W., Hartford, Ct. Porter, E. C., Chicago.
Chadbourne, Prof. P. A., " Porter, Prof. N., New Haven, Ct.
Brunswick, Maine. Prescott, Miss H. E.,
Clark, Geo. C., Chicago. Newburyport, Mass.
Clark, L. Gaylord, New York. Prime, W. C., New York.
Conant, C. B., " Schaff, D.D., Rev. P., New York.
Conway, M. D., London, Eng'd. Schuyler, E., "
Cook, Mrs. F. H., Springfield, Mass. Shanly, C. D., "
Croly, D. G., New York. Sikes, W. W., Chicago.
Croly, Mrs. J. C., " Smith, Prof. H. B., D.D., N. York.
Curtis, Hon. Geo. T., New York. Spalding, J. R., "
Dodsworth, Wm., " Stedman, E. C., "
Farnham, Rev. Luther, Boston. Stiles, W. A., Deckertown, N. J.
Field, Miss Kate, New York. Stoddard, R. H., New York.
Fisher, Prof. G. P., D.D., " Thomason, Rev. D. R., New York.
New Haven, Ct. Trow, G. W., Paris, France.
Fiske, S. R., New York. Tuckerman, F., Greenfield, Mass.
Gilman, Prof. D. C., " Van Name, Prof. A.,
New Haven, Ct. New Haven, Ct.
Grant, S. Hastings, New York. Van Zandt, C. C., Newport, R. I.
Hillard, Hon. G. S., Boston. Ward, Rev. J. H., Ansonia, Ct.
Hinton, J. R., Leavenworth, Warner, H. J., Boston.
Kansas. Williams, W. F., New York.
Hood, J. E., Springfield, Mass. Winslow, D.D., Rev. H.,
New York.
Hurlbut, W. H., New York. Winsor, J., Boston.
Jones, Luther, New York. Winter, W., New York.
Lambdin, A. C., Philadelphia. Winthrop, Hon. R. C., Boston.
Lanman, C., Washington, D. C.

It is the intention of the conductors to make some important changes in the ROUND TABLE at the commencement of the second volume, which, they believe, will meet with approval. It is sufficient to say at this time that they will be, for the most part, in accordance with suggestions received from time to time from those who have shown that they had in view the best interests of the paper.

The undersigned take this opportunity to express their sincere thanks to all who have aided them in the prosecution of their undertaking. How much they owe to judicious counsel and kindly encouragement it were difficult for them to express. Deeply sensible of the obligations thus incurred, they bespeak for the new volume the generous reception given to the one which is now closed, and promise on their part to make it, so far as in them lies, a worthy exponent of American life, American literature, and America itself.

H. E. & C. H. SWEETSER,

PUBLISHERS.

A CHANCE FOR WORK.

MOST of our readers have seen on the covers of magazines and other periodical publications a flaming advertisement in which, typographically speaking, great stress was laid upon the words, "Lands for the Landless," "Homes for the Homeless." However gratifying it may be in these days of paper money to possess houses and lands, the number of such possessors, after all, is quite limited. Impetuous individuals are more interested in securing the means for obtaining real estate than the estate itself. A house is a good thing, and a farm is endurable; but money is needed to obtain them. Before all these, the great requisite is labor, so that he who secures a chance for steady, remunerative labor owns houses and lands in embryo. To those who desire such possessions we have a few words to say. We propose to put them in the way of being employed from the fourth of July to the first Tuesday in November next. The work will not be irksome. Any man endowed

with the average quantity of curiosity and imagination will be competent for it. Theoretically, women are better adapted for it than the representatives of the sterner sex, but it involves certain conditions which almost exclude them. Were we to advertise the project, four words would suffice, to wit, "Labor for the Laborless."

Brushing aside the glittering generalities of the enterprise, the various branches of this great business loom up in all their fair proportions, until one is tempted to exclaim with the man who gazed for the first time upon the White Mountains, "In the words of Daniel Webster, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar.'" Grand and peculiar, this project certainly is; gloomy, it is not. We will explain. Every presidential campaign brings out something new. Thus in 1840 we had log cabins; in 1844, Texas and Mexico; in 1848, "Old Zack;" in 1852, General Pierce and stick candy; in 1856, Fremont and Jessie; in 1860, rails, wide-awakes, and little giants; and of course there will be some novelty brought out during the coming campaign—always excepting Fremont and Cochrane. What we propose is not so much a novelty as a systematizing of a mode of canvassing which has always been carried on somewhat extensively, but never as completely as it deserved. It may be endlessly divided, and of course be made infinitely intricate, when simplicity would answer much the better. For convenience's sake, the following divisions seem worthy of notice: The cars and steamboats, omnibuses and other city conveyances, hotels, insane asylums, prisons, churches. These are no fanciful divisions, but the result of long and patient investigation. We will consider them in regular order.

The cars and steamboats occupy the first place because of the large field which they afford to active canvassers. A strong man with a weak appetite can travel between two and three hundred miles a day on the cars, and perhaps half that distance on a steamboat. Note-book in hand, he may approach each traveler and by inquiries deftly insinuated may learn for what candidate he intends to vote. Of course there should be a canvasser to represent each party, though on a pinch one could answer for all. If there were but one on a train, he could start with the engineer and end with the man who always sits near the door of the rear car holding a baby, and sum up his results thus:

Republican candidate,	70
Democratic "	63
Radical Democratic candidate,	25
Total,	158

This he would send to a republican paper; then, instead of going through the train again for a memorandum for a democratic journal, he might simply rearrange the table as follows:

Democratic candidate,	70
Republican "	63
Radical Democratic candidate,	25
Total,	158

Nothing could be simpler. Of course, a number of other methods will suggest themselves to a smart man. But we are dealing only with the general principle of the business.

Second, the omnibuses and other city conveyances. This is not so desirable a berth as the first, though a young man from the country might enjoy it. The opportunities it would afford for seeing a large city are unequalled, but after a month or two he might weary of riding over the same route so frequently. A person entering upon this field should provide himself with a vial of ammonia and use cold water freely.

Third, hotels are a fine field for such a work. The constant changes among the occupants, the chances for becoming unusually bibulous, and the respect which one gains by standing about the doorway are matters worthy of attention. Here one could study human nature in all its phases. It would be interesting to compare the record taken before a meal with that taken after it. Who knows but that a radical democrat before breakfast might become a republican after it? Will any one deny that a good dinner might not metamorphose a copperhead into a loyal league? There are stranger things in meals than are dreamed of in philosophy.

These hints will suffice to show what an opening there is for good canvassers in hotels.

Insane asylums and prisons are practically one, so far as politics are concerned. It were hard to decide which offers the best inducements to searchers after political proclivities. The object in either case is to find in them as few adherents as possible of one's favorite candidate, the general impression being that distance lends enchantment to the view of lunatics and felons. All this may be wrong; that is a problem for the canvasser to solve.

Churches form a more important section of the great field under inspection than one might think without reflection. A timely hint from a sexton oftentimes is more potent than a sermon from a preacher. How easy it would be for the former as he bows a lady into a pew to lean over to a gentleman in the next pew and gently ascertain his political affiliations. It were a pity if the occupant of the pulpit should monopolize the subject of politics and not allow the sexton to so much as allude to it. Reflect what interest would attach to a paragraph in a newspaper giving the exact number of republicans and democrats in such and such a church, and the influence it might have on the community at large. And yet the thing could be done. Just the best method of doing it is not our business to decide upon. This, too, belongs to the canvasser.

The deep interest taken by the people in politics seems to call for some united effort of this kind for ascertaining their sentiments, and the loose manner in which this has always been done is a cogent reason for bringing to the business something like system. Political parties would do well to organize a corps of these quasi-missionaries and print their reports at least once a week. But the great point is the field thus thrown open to worthy persons out of employment. Indigent students, poor politicians, seedy folks generally, can here find an opportunity to combine business with pleasure, and profit with both. For their benefit we have marked out the general divisions of the field before them; but he will achieve the greatest success who will hunt up the largest number of those elderly patriots who invariably figure in presidential campaigns as having refrained from voting for the last eighty or a hundred years, but are moved to deposit their ballot at this election by a gush of patriotism as unexpected as it is gratifying.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

THE preference of the Baltimore Convention for Mr. Lincoln was no more than was expected. It is true that he has had official patronage, and many interests at command which might be considered valuable auxiliaries, but it is his hold upon the masses of the people—not of his own party alone—which gave him the position. Had there been some man either in military or civil life who was everywhere recognized as the fittest leader in this great crisis, one to whom the country looked as they once did to Washington, that man would have been sure of the highest office in the gift of the people. But it must be confessed that we live in an age of small men, or at least that our really great and competent statesmen are unknown to the public at large; and hence Mr. Lincoln has had the advantage over all others in having his personal qualities so much better known to the country, and under circumstances so much more favorable, that he has outstripped all competitors. The opposition papers have endeavored to create an impression that the manifestations in favor of Mr. Lincoln were due entirely to his official patronage, and to the large pecuniary interests involved in the war for the Union. But this is not the fact. Were the office-holders and contractors alone in favor of him, he would be so weak that even these people would not dare risk their selfish interests in attaching themselves to his fortunes.

The popular regard for Mr. Lincoln is due, in great part, to his personal character, to his sincerity and honesty. He is not a great man. He has not the sagacity of the statesman; his career as Commander-in-chief of the armies has proved unfortunate. Yet with all these drawbacks he has seemed so willing to do just what the country required of him, so steadfast, so honest; has provided so well against foreign war; has endeavored so wisely to harmonize the North in the aspiration of the war party for national liberty, and of the other for the conservation of vested rights, that the people feel somehow that he is an eminently safe man to be charged with the conduct of affairs, at a time when perhaps a really more brilliant and wiser statesman would be thrown off his balance. Mr. Lincoln is lacking in popular enthusiasm. He has never issued a line or a proclamation which would stir the blood of an oyster. He is lacking, too, in personal dignity and apparent respect for his own high office. Yet we believe that few Presidents have had more earnest friends than Mr. Lincoln has had and will have in time to come. If his writings have lacked in appeals to the passions, they have been so quaint, so kind, so entirely disinterested, that they have taken possession of some of the best impulses of the populace.

While we think that the prospect of the republican party for success is very good, we do not feel so sure that it is certain. Should the present campaign miscarry, or the

Government finances fall into grievous disorder, or the foreign policy of the Administration be too persistently pressed, there would be a strong temptation on the part of the people to try a change. The elements of opposition are very strong. Should the Administration make any serious mistakes, there is no predicting what the complexion of affairs may be at the close of the polls next November. The surrender of the Monroe doctrine, the corruption inevitable upon the disbursement of large sums of money, a depreciated currency, arbitrary arrests, surrender of right of asylum, interference with the liberty of the press, mistakes of civilians in the conduct of the war—all these will form intrenched positions from which the opposition can attack the Administration with effect. Yet so incongruous is this opposition, composed of men of all shades of opinion, of peace men, of war men who distrust Mr. Lincoln, but who are earnest for the war for the Union, that it is doubtful whether this opposition can be fused into a mass to contest successfully the presidential election against so strong a man as the candidate of the republican party.

TWO SMALL NUISANCES.

THAT punctual pest of June, the measuring-worm, has just commenced its annual ravages among us. It swings by its imperceptible cords from tree and shrub, squirms amid the unsucculent herbage of magnificent bonnets, and paces the sidewalks with small but accurate strides, as if impressed with the hygienic necessity of regular pedestrian exercise. By and by the city trees will be denuded of their leaves by its persistent attacks; and then the newspapers will teem with letters denouncing in unmeasured terms its measured march, and offering no end of original recipes for crushing it out once and for ever. Its history will be written this year, probably, as it was last, by many learned entomologists, each of whom will trace its vile career from the bad egg that bore it, and will bestow upon it, among them, names enough to fit out an average Portuguese infant. Already we have heard it spoken of promiscuously as the "measuring-worm," the "geometer," the "arpenteur," the "pace-maggot," the "canker-worm," and the "dendrometer," and to these we take the liberty of adding our mite by calling it the "meter-worm," for, a close observation of its habits enables us to aver that a decided tendency to metrical composition may be detected in its movements. And it is both curious and instructive to mark the different measures to which individuals of the maggot under notice appear naturally to run—or wriggle. To the largest and most stately of those examined by us, progress by hexameters and pentameters appeared to be the regular thing. There is a smaller kind, of a dull green color, which we tested by the Odes of Horace, and we distinctly assert that its march is regulated according to the Sapphic meter. Another, smaller, greener, and duller than the last, perseveres in a hobbling scansion that would do credit to the most assiduous concocter of iambics; while the octosyllabic stanza has its representative in a middle-sized and retrospective maggot, that seems ever trying to wriggle out a hypocritical "In Memoriam" to some sweet flowering shrub early nipped in the bud by it. The wild poetry of nature, in fact, is beautifully illustrated by these despised little caterpillars; and, as poetry is never more pleasing than when wedded to sweet music, intense is our gratification whenever we behold one of them in the bill of a thrush, and know that it will be swallowed by that little warbler as surely as the libretto of the lyrical stage is so treated by the artists of our own superior race. Such birds as these must find their market. A thrush fattened upon caterpillars gifted with good ears for music ought to be a dish for a soprano indeed.

Analogy delights in comparisons—a remark which we do not remember ever to have seen in print, and yet it is strictly true. Talking of the meter-worm just referred to reminds us that we need not go up a tree to find its bipedal representative, who is not an inhabitant of the world of leaves, but infests dreadfully the world of letters. It is one of the minor horrors of war—one of the plagues inflicted upon us flagitious Egyptians for our sins perhaps—that the swarms of small versifiers are increasing among us, year by year, until they have almost assumed the character of an epidemic. Song appears to have been in all ages a necessity engendered of war, which is in fact a hotbed of disagreeable necessities in itself. The wildest of pagans and the worst of cannibals have always had their war-songs; and as we have record of at least one minstrel boy who joined his regiment with his wild harp slung behind him (metaphorically, of course, and not after the fashion of the modern Savoyard), we have reason to infer that the versifier of battle subjects was not altogether unknown to the more civilized stages of warfare. That he is a conspicuous feature of the present great strife in which we are engaged, must be obvious to all who read the provincial journals—nay, and the metropolitan ones likewise, not to speak of the magazines.

A very notable feature in this modern war-minstrelsy is the bold and uncompromising manner of the piracy by which much of it is produced. A remarkable instance of this occurs to us as we write. About two years ago a

weekly paper of this city published a garbled version of that fine poem, "The Countersign," the original of which was from the pen of the late Fitz-James O'Brien, and had appeared in *Harper's Magazine* some months previously. The mutilated copy was sent to the journal in question by some obscure person, and was published therein as an original contribution from that person, and with his signature annexed to it. The editor of the paper into which the poem was thus surreptitiously introduced of course soon discovered that he had been imposed on, and the *amende* was made by him accordingly. But "The Countersign" was subsequently published in Mr. Frank Moore's "Rebellion Record," in its mangled form, and with the name of the imposter attached to it as its author, and we do not think that this very serious blunder was corrected in any subsequent issue of that work. Again, in the collection published by Mr. Frank Moore, entitled "Rebel Rhymes," one of our sharp literary detectives has discovered that one of the songs at least has passed through the viscous fingers of the larcener, it having been written some thirty or forty years ago by the late William Maginn of facetious memory, and published among his works. These piratical meter-worms must have unlimited confidence in the gullibility of editors. The writer of this article has in his possession a number of lyrical effusions, cut from country newspapers, all of them more or less applicable to this or any other "cruel war," all of them "written expressly" for the journals in which they appeared, and with signatures to them, and all of them remarkable for having been published among the works of known writers, at dates of from thirty to eighty years back. Once, while editorially engaged upon a journal, it was our fortune to receive, with a real signature affixed to it, a poem which was not bad of its kind. Nevertheless it was declined, on account only of a certain familiarity in its ring. Some time afterward, on looking over an old volume of poems published in London in 1801, the writer found his aspiring young would-be contributor's "original verses" in it, the title only having been tampered with by that enterprising springal. But the most remarkable case of the kind that has come under our personal notice is that of an editor to whom, not long since, there came by mail from a distance a poem of his own composition, published by him in a magazine many years ago. This contribution was a copy of the original, word for word, line for line, with the exception of the refrain at the end of each verse, which was villainously twisted to suit circumstances. The piratical signature was affixed to it, together with the piratical address, to which latter it was duly returned, indorsed with a memorandum of the number and page of the magazine from which it had been stolen, that being the only notice which the magnanimous editor thought it worth while to take of a larceny so idiotic and mean.

Of the two small nuisances under consideration, we think that the bipedal one is the greater. It is perennial, for instance, and never conveys the idea of anything lovely, while the arboreal one is ephemeral, and effects finally a metamorphosis from its maggothood into the form of a white and downy moth—a "miller," powdered from head to tail with its own flour. There are vermifuges, too, by which the arboreal worm may be cut off early in its career. A solution of brimstone, applied artistically with a brush to the leaves of the tree, is said to be very detrimental to it; but we do not think that there is enough of that noxious drug—on this bank of the Stygian creek at least—to suffocate the pestilent little wriggler that preys upon the leaves of clever men's laurels.

SMOKING.

A FEW WORDS BETWEEN THE WHIFFS.

SMOKING is a vice—one of those small vices that men who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to,"

most bitterly condemn. We have no quarrel with such persons, but we believe in mild Havanas notwithstanding their counterblasts against tobacco, and shall continue to puff the article despite their vaporing. They denounce the consumers of the weed in ill-flavored language—sometimes, when much inflated with self-righteousness, calling them beasts. From the days when the son of Mary Stuart pitched into short-cut, to the date of Dr. Cox's philippic against pigtail, the enemies of the "demoralizing vegetable" have been more or less vituperative, while the milder-mannered men addicted to it have retorted with nothing worse than good-humored quiddities. To err is human—therefore we inhale nicotine; to forgive, divine—therefore we bear no malice against the counterblasters. There is not one of them with whom we could not cordially smoke the calumet, although they are unwilling to let the disciples of Nicot enjoy their pipes in peace. Not that we affect the pipe. It is a vulgar parody on the sublime and beautiful cigar. Our own amiable weakness is the twisted weed. It is a costly luxury but above all price. We have tried the snaky meerschaum, but it suits not our epicurean taste. The implement that projects like an inquisitive puff-adder from the bushy cover of a German beard, sending forth fierce jets of smoke, like visible hisses, from its disproportioned and monstrous head, we cannot away with. It is said to be a

great help to the German and the Germanized-American mind, but we have never yet been able to imbibe a printable thought from a meerschaum. The tube smells unpleasantly—not at all like the tuberoses; and the ideas one derives from its steaming bowl are usually mere shams. Such at least has been our experience of the Teuton invention. The hubble-bubble is better. The rose-water through which the vapor mounts purges it to some extent of the pungency which is the great drawback of the manufactured smoking tobaccos, all of which are more or less adulterated. An Oriental sitting cross-legged on his carpet, drawing narcotic fumes through the stem of his amber-tipped *narghile*, will tell you that there is nothing like the flavor of opiumized tobacco; but stupefaction is no luxury to an intelligent Christian, whatever it may be to a Constantinopolitan Ottoman or a Persian Sophi.

The cigar is the only fumigant worthy the lips of a gentleman. Even at the risk of losing caste with the ladies, we must defend against all challengers the solace of our leisure hours. How can we do otherwise with a splendid regalia from the Queen of the Antilles lightly poised at this very moment in our left hand? Opposed as we are on principle to the invasion of a friendly power, we have no Concha-entious scruples against making a smoking ruin of the Havana.

Rail as you will against the cigar, it is a glorious intellectual stimulant. The "Infant Bonds of Joy," with whom the youngest hope of Mrs. Pardiggle was enrolled, committed a grave error in not excepting it from the forms of tobacco they pledged themselves to eschew. Expectorating heathens may masticate Cavendish for ever without getting a new idea out of it. The snuff-taker may titillate the mucous membrane of his proboscis for a lifetime without eliciting a mental sensation; but your cigar is a thought-breeder, an evoker of pleasant fancies. If there is any of the "divine afflatus" lying perdu in the brain, a good cigar will be sure to smoke it out. As the pale blue jets of vapor issue from the lips, and, breaking, plume the air—

"The poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

We have watched them many a time until they seemed to become things animate—dancing, floating sylphs and fairies, bewitching as the graceful Cubas. And yet there are soulless persons who can see nothing better in these dissolving views than a "pestilent congregation of vapors!"

The Spanish Senoritas, who cherish no puritanic scruples against tobacco, have a delightful way of adding to the natural deliciousness of the cigar. They light it for you, set it going with their rosy lips, and pop it, thus sweetened, between yours. Talk of hubble-bubbling through rose-water—it is a coarse pleasure to that of smoking a Concha or a Rio Honda fresh from the pouting mouth of a pretty South American brunette. We like a Spanish cigar that way, and so would you too, reader, if you had ever traveled to California by the Nicaragua route. But, ah! beware the fire that flashes from lustrous Creole eyes; it is apt to set the heart aflame as quickly as the bit of burning coal ignites the fumous weed. And then the lovely incendiary, not content with kindling a flame with her eyes, intensifies it with a graceful flutter of that wing of Cupid she calls her fan. Spanish (or even half-Spanish) eyes and fans are perilous things, and therefore the traveler in Spanish America, if of a susceptible nature, must either light his own cigars or run the risk of spontaneous combustion.

Not a few of our own fair countrywomen set their faces against our cigars—not after the fashion of the Senoritas, but in a forbidding way. They pronounce our Havanas "filthy." What shall we say to them—how deprecate their hostility? The gentler portion of the sex do not, as a general thing, object to the article, when of a good brand; but the strong-minded, who "know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain," insist that we shall cast it "like a worthless weed away." Will they not listen to terms of compromise? Let them take our hats and our boots, slip into our nether integuments, abandon the boudoir for the bench, bolt for the bar, leave the cradle for the scythe, sail the sea instead of the sidewalk, construct houses instead of bonnets, man the brakes, fillibuster, bushwhack, legislate, invent, discover, lead forlorn hopes, do anything that's manly, intellectual, or impetuous, but oh! as they love their own way, we beseech them not to deprive us of our cigars!

Lest prose should fail to propitiate them, we summon the Muses to our aid. Sacred Nine, come to the rescue of our long nines. *Place aux dames*—they come. The ladies from Parnassus have the floor—(hear! hear!)

Walter Raleigh we honor for coaxing John Bull
At the pipe—that soul soother—to venture a pull,
And we bless the good savage of old Roanoke
Who a calumet lent him and taught him to smoke.
Ct emists say that tobacco contains nicotine,
That it makes a man nervous and sickly and lean,
But we know there's a magic evolved from its fume
That the reason can brighten, the fancy can plume:
Yes, a beacon of thought is the quivering star
That reddens the tip of a fragrant cigar.

Thank you, Ladies of the Lyre! We don't agree with you on the subject of pipes; but, seeing that of the pipe

came the cigar, you could do no less than give it a puff. We end as we began. Smoking is a vice, and as it is the peculiarity of vices that they take a firm hold, perhaps we shall be forgiven for not shaking it off.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

WHAT was the primitive language of mankind has often been a matter of speculation. Scholars have maintained the claims of the Hebrew, of the Sanscrit, and even of the Dutch. But though no language has been found which can be considered to be the original tongue, most persons are agreed that there was one and but one, and that subsequently, either through some miraculous event, as the destruction of the Tower of Babel, or through the gradual dispersion of the human race and other natural causes, the various languages of the earth originated. So also there has been much talk and thought about the future language of the race. Some consider that as diversity of language was a consequence of a fall from a state of primeval perfection, so an approach to perfection will be attended by an approach to unity of speech. Others, for more material reasons, draw their conclusions about a future universal language from the ever-increasing communication and intercourse between different countries. As nations learn more of each other, they will become more assimilated in ideas, and then in the form of their ideas or language. People who think that all the world will be of one government, and talk of a "world-republic" and a "federation of man," naturally speak in the same breath of a universal language. One is quite as probable as the other. Both are equally chimerical.

A recent writer in the *Continental Monthly* urges the probability of a universal language on scientific grounds, and to meet scientific wants. Without replying to the arguments there adduced—and in fact they are hardly worth it—we will state a few of the objections which exist and will exist to such a consummation.

Before there can be any universal language the existing tongues must die out. But this is an improbable supposition. The pertinacity of language is very strange. A language is a very hard thing to kill, and is generally accomplished either by the entire annihilation or the absorption of the people that speak it. Consider how the dialects of England hold their ground. In that small island, where printing has been known for so long, and has, as it were, fixed language, the people of the north can hardly understand the people of the south. There, also, Welsh and Irish and Gaelic are still spoken, and Cornish died out only fifty years ago. The intercommunication of different countries could never be as great as that of the inhabitants of the British Isles, and how much less could we expect from these reasons a language of the world.

It is climate more than anything else which has made languages what they are; and not till the whole earth is of one uniform climate, temperature, and configuration can we expect to see a universal language. The people who live in one part of the globe find themselves unable to pronounce letters which are very easy for others. Leave out these letters, will one say; then how monotonous will speech become. Were language reduced to the fewest possible necessary sounds, it might be very efficient, but would not be beautiful or varied or harmonious.

But even supposing that through intercourse, or scientific advantages, or adoption of peculiar philosophical theories, the same word should be used the world over to express the same idea and no other, would the language then be the same? No. It is not the lexicon which makes the language, but the grammar. Were the English language to make use of all the words in the Latin, it would still be English and not Latin. Let us suppose, for example, that the English and the Russian, by means of their assimilative power, laid hold of all the words in each other's vocabulary. They would still be very different. The grammatical principles which originally controlled them would control them still; and though using the same words, an Englishman and a Russian would find it difficult to understand each other. There exists no mixed language. Turkish is Turkish, though its vocabulary is mostly Arabic. And each grammatical system will hold its own till all men live and think alike.

The only result which we can expect in the progress of the world is that all languages will be corrupted, but not assimilated; that some will be enlarged in their vocabularies, and will be used to a greater extent; and that some will entirely disappear. But should a universal language be discovered—of which we have no fear, and we advise no one to waste his life in a search for its principles—where would be the advantage? Science would have a uniform way to express itself, and commerce might perhaps be carried on a little more conveniently or cheaply. But that would be all. And while science might flourish, poetry would die. Exactness would rule the day. Everything would wear the same tame, prosaic appearance. There would be uniformity everywhere. The literatures of the world would be forgotten, or live only in this new tongue, squared and cut out by rule.

We said just now that some languages would disappear in the progress of the world. As the strong nations crush out the weak, their languages will perish also. The Indian languages of America have died and will die with those who

speak them. The languages of the Tartar tribes in Northern Asia will disappear because those nations will be swallowed up in and assimilated to the great Russian people. And so it will be everywhere. As civilization spreads, civilized tongues spread also. Of these there are four which now cover a larger space, and seem destined to be spoken by greater numbers than any others. These are the English, Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The two latter divide South America. The others cover North America and large portions of Asia. The Portuguese and English are gaining great foothold in Africa. At the same time it must be remembered that the Arabic is spoken by greater numbers than any other, and will prove a great adversary to other languages. But if the people who speak it are entirely overcome, their language will go under, unless they have indeed sufficient vitality to conquer the conquerors from within, as the Saxons did the Normans.

The languages of Europe will probably long maintain their present condition. A few will go, but some that seem weak will long persist. It would seem now that, if Denmark is made a German country, its language will ultimately be German. The Dutch will long survive, because it has some powerful colonies, and because it is the language of trade in Japan. There seems to be no reason why the language of Iceland will not continue for ages in the same state it has for hundreds of years already, so remote and so little subject to foreign influence is that small island.

AMONG THE SAND-HILLS.

"A long low stretch of dull gray sand,
With the tide-line white as its rim,
Lies between the lighthouse, built on the strand,
And the ocean, distant and dim."

—Hood.

I LOVE to linger among the gray old sand-hills where, as at Cape Cod, nature in the extremity of her poverty unconsciously becomes picturesque. Here, as you wander among the drifting dunes, but for the roar of the surf on the neighboring beach, you might easily imagine yourself in the heart of Africa. The prospect is novel and impressive. When that bold Northman, Thorwald Ericson, sailed along the shores of the cape, dazzled by the glimmer of the sand, he called the beach the "Wonder-Strand." Yes, *Res miranda!* The beach is as bright and billowy as the sea, and quite as unstable. The drifting sand travels on a perpetual pilgrimage. What aileth the mountains and the "little hills that skip like sheep?" Ho! old Terminus! Why talk of landmarks here? Why prate of parish bounds, of gang-days, and of deeds?

These solitary shores form a complete Sahara, where the wind for ever frolics unrestrained. Æolus here is the Pau-Puk-keewis, of whom it is said in "Hiawatha,"

"Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shore with sand dunes,
Sand-hills of the Nagow Wudjoo."

Large sums have been expended here by the National Government to arrest the destruction of the sea-coast, but with poor success. In the Old World the same evil is everywhere experienced. On the coast of France no means have yet been devised to oppose the march of the sand. The estate of the brother of the garrulous old Montaigne was completely buried beneath the shifting dunes. Barthema, when in Africa, as related in Purchas's "Pilgrims," "traveled five nights and days through the sandie Sea, which is a great plain Champaigne full of small white sand like meale: where, if by some disaster the wind blew, they are all dead men!" He farther says that "mummies were made of such as the sand had surprised and buried quick!"

In a note to his volume of Afghan poetry, Captain Rovery mentions the Reg-i-rawan, or "Moving-Sand," situated near the mountains of Hindu Kush. It is a sheet of pure silex, four hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, and is constantly in motion. The natives aver that in the summer season a sound is heard issuing from it like the beating of drums. Æabd-ur-Rahman refers to it when he says,

"Whoever buildeth up a structure in this world,
Relentless fate will make it like unto the *Shifting Sand*."

On the whole, we may regard this agency as one of the enemies of civilization. It has given untimely sepulture to many valuable monuments, and well-nigh suffocated the Pyramids. The Sphinx could not breathe when the tide of European travel first set toward Egypt, and the air-chambers of Ghizeh were as poorly able to perform their functions as those of the asthmatic old Arab. Yet the sand is not wholly malevolent in its operations. It garners up knowledge that parchments are unable to preserve, and keeps alive truths that tradition has long since forgotten; and thus it is that at this late day the antiquarians found under the downs of England a perfect model of the earliest ecclesiastical architecture, while from the sands of Jutland we learn the welcome fact that even in the third century the old Northmen possessed a written language, a fact unknown by linguists up to the last year. And the story of the "Old Ship" said to be buried on Cape Cod was regarded as a

mere myth; but a mighty storm from the Atlantic smites the coast, and the quaint old Pilgrim bark comes forth from her hiding-place where she had quietly reposed for more than two centuries.

"Docked in the sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial."

Then how various are the direct uses of the sand. I never view the moon through a telescope without thinking of it, especially of that snow-white variety found in Berkshire, ground in geologic mills so long ago from the primitive milky quartz. Of such the finest object-glasses are made. Nor can I walk upon the sea-shore without calling to mind those old Sidonian sailors who it is said first hit upon the idea of glass while sitting upon the beach watching their porridge-pot.

A grain of sand is esteemed a slight thing, yet, according to Linnæus, it forms the nucleus of every pearl. By chance a perforation is made in the shell of the mollusk, and a grain of sand introduced. Around this, to prevent the irritation that would naturally ensue, a pellucid fluid is secreted by the animal, which gradually hardens and forms the precious pearl. Then the diver drags it up to the light, and finally it sparkles in the diadem of some queen.

Moses, when he was dying, blessed Zebulun, and said of his people, "They shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand." This text has long puzzled the learning of the theologian. The early voyagers to America thought they understood its meaning when they freighted their ships with the yellow dust which everywhere abounds on these shores, but the sacred writer kenned well the difference between "fool's gold" and the golden sands of Ophir. The pottering antiquarians would never have been at loss for an explanation of the text if they had been familiar with the floral and botanical treasures of Cape Cod, not to mention those metallic treasures which, according to tradition, were hid by the Pirate Bellamy here in the sand.

Then what an admirable time-keeper is the sand. It fairly takes the place of brain.

"A handful of red sand from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of time."

It fulfills the varied functions of memory, reason, and judgment. 'Tis a royal preacher! How does it exhort, persuade, entreat, aye, command. Its still small voice escapes the finest ear; yet have you not at times imagined that it thundered? But the sand conveys another suggestion relating to time. Standing among the dunes on this barren coast, how forcibly are we presented with the notion of their antiquity. How vast the period required to produce this mighty grist of powdered rock. The fable tells us that the Sahara was formed when the earth was scorched by the flaming car of Phœbus; the man of science, however, declares that the sand is older than Phœbus—older, in fact, than all the immortal gods. Yet, geologically, the sand is a modern formation. Compared with the "everlasting hills," it is a thing of yesterday. The poet in the Icelandic *Völuspá* so regards it, and begins his song with the strophe,

" 'Twas time's first dawn,
When naught was yet,
Nor sand, nor sea,
Nor cooling wave."

I have lately met with a curious account of some ancient records written in the sand. The account was communicated to the Scientific Bureau at Washington. It appears that in Arica, in Peru, near the sea-coast, the bare face of the sloping mountain is covered with inscriptions written in the sand, which are of high antiquity. The account says:

"They can be perceived with great distinctness, and read with the unassisted eye, if I could understand them, at a distance of ten or fifteen miles. They appear to be written as in Chinese, in vertical lines, and some of them must be ten or twelve hundred feet in length. I mean (says the writer) that each character is of this dimension, and they look as fresh as if just made. When I first saw them I thought them windings and zigzags made by the mules traversing the face of the sloping hills, but the mistake was discovered before inquiring of any one."

These furrows are considered by all as ancient Indian inscriptions. But perhaps the query arises with some, after what has been said of the shifting nature of the sand, how are we to account for the preservation of these remarkable records? The mildness of the climate explains it all. In Arica it never rains, and the vast ocean which here laves the shore, is it not called the Pacific? And the footprints of those strange, gigantic birds that in former geologic periods made their habitat in the valley of the Connecticut—footprints which are now carefully stored up in the cabinets of the curious—were all written, long ages ago, on the sea-side sand. Let fickle maids and faithless swains who write their promises on the shifting *tabula rosa* take heed, lest in future their broken vows rise up in judgment!

And so, dear reader, I have done. But let me say in parting that if you wish to avoid altogether the hackneyed places of summer resort, and live for a time where nature presents a fresh and altogether novel aspect, then when vacation comes visit the sand-hills of Cape Cod, and listen to her lullaby of the sea; and I promise that when you return to your work you shall return a wiser and a better man.

ON THE WAY.

"Tendimus ad Latium."—*Virgil*.

The blue wave curls about the prow,
The light breeze ripples o'er the sea,
The clouds sweep gently o'er the brow
Of fair Trinacrian Sicily,
And yonder lies the yellow sand
Which girds the promised Latian land.

Brave hearts, across the stormy deep
You held the faith you pledged of old;
For you the gods, in waiting, keep
Rich lands and herds and sunny gold,
For yonder gleams the yellow sand,
Our fated home, the Latian land.

There sterner walls than Troy shall rise,
And people strong in arms shall dwell,
And, canopied by happy skies,
For us and ours shall all be well.
Gleam brighter, then, O yellow sand!
Come speedily, O Latian land!

O promised rest! O end of toil!
O country sought for long in vain!
Soon shall we reach thy favored soil,
Soon find the guerdon of our pain,
For nearer seems that yellow sand,
And nearer grows the Latian land.

No more shall dread of danger come;
No more shall threats of storm increase;
Within that sacred, destined home
At last, at last we rest in peace,
Beyond the belt of yellow sand
In that oft-promised Latian land.

GARRICK'S ART AND SHAKESPEARE'S FAME.

It was in the same season that Garrick hazarded his reputation, by manipulating the text of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," which we spoke of in our last article, that he ventured upon the equally uncertain innovation of remodeling the stage-character of Polonius. We think we showed that Garrick's conduct in the former case is not to be too lightly stigmatized as indicative of his inappreciation of Shakespeare. He was not arrogantly positive in his managerial right at all events, and his well-intentioned endeavors may admit of debate. But in this present case he was truer to his dramatic instincts, in contradistinction to his privileges as a manager, as claimed in the other.

Garrick was intending to act "Hamlet" for Henry Woodward's benefit, and persuaded that player to attempt that always dangerous experiment for a low comedian, a serious part; and even worse, to give this seriousness to a character that the galleries had always deemed it a privilege to laugh at. When Coleridge, many years afterward, was held to have best divined the quality of the old man's mind, he complained that this "personified memory of wisdom," as he called him, had always been misrepresented on the stage, and his son Hartley, in characterizing this conventional estimate of the players, pronounced it "a driveling caricature of methodical, prying, garrulous, blear-eyed, avaricious dotage." But Garrick had anticipated this estimate of Coleridge's, and of Tieck's also, by a half century, and held that the old chamberlain was rather a man once wise and revered, but fallen into his dotage. He claimed that Polonius showed by his maxims his once clear brain, while he manifested by a wandering will and easy complacency a weakness that had overtaken him and was not ingrained. Hamlet, uneasy under formality, and having suspicion of the old man's complicity in his father's death, would naturally express himself satirically, and make a butt of one so easily put in that position. For all this, the old statesman was shrewd by reason of his memory, wary by force of habit, and pompous from long magisterial position. With such notions Garrick tutored Woodward in the part. He gave him a fitting gravity of dress in a rich scarlet and gold habit, but unfortunately it was thought to have a satirical reference to a living statesman, and for this reason, though most probably because the pit and galleries were not willingly deprived of their customary laugh, the new interpretation was not persisted in, and the part sank to its former level, unquestioned of men, till Coleridge enunciated the idea that Garrick had failed to perpetuate only because the public refused to become a party to the belief. The manager herein again showed that the professions of Johnson's prologue were the guide of his career, as we have before claimed.

Colman or Thornton in the "Connoisseur" had leveled their satire at Garrick's patchwork, as detailed in our last section, and in narrating with some humor the advantages of establishing a literary registry, they had mentioned the facilities it may afford "of piecing any old play of Shakespeare's according to the present taste, or of parceling it into airs and recitative for an English opera." Garrick was not, however, daunted, and braved a repetition of the charge the very next season (1756). The first instance was the "Winter's Tale." The play as it stands in Shakespeare, the reader will remember, involves a separate comic and tragic interest, with a long lapse of sixteen years between the two at the division of the third and fourth acts. To put it upon

the modern stage required considerable changes. Several had tried their hands at it, having in some instances given it a brief and uncertain existence in its entirety, and at other times confining the attempt to one of the separate interests. There had been one or two endeavors of this sort since Garrick had been a player, and his claim that he found it long forsaken is hardly justified. The "Florizel and Perdita," as he fashioned it, embraces Shakespeare's last two acts, and gives in an introductory scene the story up to that point. It secured the cotemporary approbation of Murphy, besides the emphatic approval of Warburton, the good doctor assuring the manager that "he had given an elegant form to a monstrous composition," and in his additions "written up to the finest scenes" of Shakespeare. This language is just calculated to elicit the ridicule that the lumbering bishop often finds to be his share at the present day. Garrick was, perhaps, not more discreet in the prologue with which he introduced it. After portraying the genuine vinous smack adhering to Shakespeare's several plays and characters, he acknowledges his adulteration in this wise:

"In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mixed for filling up;
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confined and bottled for your taste:
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man."

Such an assertion in view of the play that followed, whatever the extenuating circumstances, had an emphasis about it that laid his management open to some cavil and persistent cross-questionings on the part of those who were jealous, closet-wise, of Shakespeare's fame. Coleridge, however, when afterward he parallelized the story of the "Winter's Tale" in his *Zapolya*, gave an implied approbation to the dramatic success of Garrick's changes by designating the first part of his play as a prelude, thus preserving a like entirety for the latter acts. It is to be remarked, too, that while Garrick questioned Shakespeare's dramatic conduct for the modern stage, he made no dispute with his prerogative as a poet, as many have done. He comprehended the dramatist's willful commingling of chronology and geography, and did not doubt Shakespeare's knowledge of the world's divisions because he made Bohemia inland. He saw that Shakespeare's Bohemia was one known on Parnassus and not to statisticians, despite Jonson's insinuations to the contrary, and Hamner's kind interposition of laying the blame upon careless compositors. It was a venture, small as it appears now, that hardly a commentator of that day would have cared to endure. Good acting on Garrick's part in making Leontes a character that his successors have not thought unworthy of their highest skill, as well as by his excellent company, placed the play, although a moiety of Shakespeare, firmly upon the prompter's list.

His working up of the other play, "The Taming of the Shrew," has probably received more unqualified approbation than any such vamping before or since. With appreciative tests he drew the line very exactly upon the points which modern criticism has marked as the boundaries of the undoubted Shakespearean in the play, and with the omission of the rest made in "Catherine and Petruchio" one of the most successful of after-pieces. It is curious to remark even the language of approval in the critics when it is thus ventured upon for such work. "All that relates to Bianca and her lover is dull and un-Shakespearean," says Hartley Coleridge, "and Garrick was not much to blame in separating the scenes between Catherine and Petruchio, which I believe to be true Shakespeare." There was some blame then in such success! This is the way our modern rapt appreciative Shakespearean criticism has so often run into mere unquestioning idolatry.

Garrick's next attempt at remodeling Shakespeare was entered upon with misgivings, which the result justified. He now discarded Dryden's adaptation of the "Tempest," and with Smith's assistance (who had helped him with "The Midsummer Night's Dream") he gave it an entirely new operative shape, assigning Prospero to the musical skill of Beard. The manager pursued his usual course when doubtful of a result by forestalling censure in a prologue. "I say this frittering and *sol-fa*-ing our best poets is a damned thing. What! are we to be quivered and quavered out of our senses?" asks one of the interlocutors in this piece of pleasantry. He did not escape, however, some public satire. Smollett, just now assuming the conduct of the *Critical Review*, did not spare him the lash, and Theophilus Cibber told an audience at the Haymarket, where he read a dissertation, that Garrick was a "pilfering peddler," who pretended love for Shakespeare and then misused him by mangling, mutilating, and emasculating his plays—a thrust that the manager was not long in giving back, through Murphy's pen, in the personal satire of a farce called "The Sporter." Garrick, however, made the best amend possible to the criticism he elicited, by returning to Shakespeare's text the following year.

In the meantime he had fought another battle for supremacy in a Shakespearean part. Barry, flattered by dividing the critics in Rome, threw down the challenge in Lear; but he wholly failed in ousting Garrick from his position. Barry's form and voice were of the best and gave much impressiveness to his bearing, but he was unequal to his rival in all the finer gradations of character. The epigrams that

spread in society express very well the difference of the two claimants. One is attributed by some to the Rev. Richard Kendall, of Peterhouse, Cambridge, or by others to Dick Berenger.

"The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears;
To Barry they give loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears."

Theophilus Cibber tried to charge this quatrain upon Garrick himself; but still another repeats the story:

"A king, nay every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear:
But Garrick's quite a different thing;
He's every inch King Lear!"

To complete his triumph, Garrick the following year revised his copy of this tragedy, and instituted a text much nearer Shakespeare's than had been before employed; while Barry, again ambitious, sought to renew the contest in Richard; but so utterly failed that his personation is scarcely described.

A more important Shakespearean step was taken in 1759. "Antony and Cleopatra" had not been upon the stage since the Restoration. Dryden in his "All for Love" had entirely superseded it, employing the same story, and treating the subject in marked distinction from Shakespeare's method, in that his chief characters do everything with their crowns on, and its action is suited to the stilted style of playing then in vogue. Dryden's play, however, was the best of his own, and one of the most effective of the imperial kind of tragedy, and even the revival now by Garrick of the genuine Shakespearean did not drive it from the stage. Mrs. Siddons even in her day preferred its broader effects, and Campbell thinks she rightly comprehended her powers when she did so. The Cleopatra of Dryden indeed possesses more of that conventional parade and hedging divinity of royalty which stage heroines gladly affect, while Shakespeare's Egyptian mistress is more a woman than a queen. The copy Garrick preferred was ostensibly Capel's work, but the manager had greatly aided him in the abridgments and transpositions deemed necessary. The play was thus permanently established in the repertories, though Garrick himself resigned the hero after a few trials. Stevens alleged that he dropped it because of the "deficiency of short turns and coachmanship" in the part.

It was while Garrick was thus in the full tide of managerial success, and wealth had flowed in upon him, that he signaled his appreciation of what he owed to Shakespeare by the erection in his grounds at Hampton of a temple to his memory. Walpole at Strawberry Hill was a near neighbor of the actor, and makes mention of his going with John Chute to visit Garrick, "with a grove of cypresses in our hands like the Kentish men at the Conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakespeare (he adds), and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within as I proposed with these mottoes:

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in every feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakespeare, all I owe to you.

This temple, a conspicuous object by the riverside in all views of Garrick's Hampton home, was built of brick, with a domelike roof, a porch with columns protecting the entrance. In a niche within, and opposite as we enter, Garrick subsequently placed a marble statue of the bard, done by Roubiliac (1758) whose only portrait, by the way, represents him as at work upon this design. This effigy is familiar to all who have visited the British Museum, for to that institution the actor bequeathed it. It preserves in a measure the features of the Chandos portrait, a copy of which by Reynolds was in Roubiliac's possession, and afterward owned by Malone. Its attitude has been censured as too theatrical, and upon no other ground can we discover the common report to rest, that the sculptor modeled from a posture taken by Garrick himself. It is doubtless unfortunate for the work that the artist bestowed a grander conception upon his memorial of Newton, for the popular appreciation of the great poet will hardly brook even so distinguished a name as Newton's having the precedence. Indeed a delineation of Shakespeare, to be adequate to expectation, is, it is feared, hopelessly beyond the sculptor's art. It is much to Garrick's credit that he should have caused this second commemoration of the subject in the chiseled stone. Detraction, which dogged him in life, and in some quarters has pursued his memory, sought to cheapen the tribute by declaring he haggled with the artist for the cost of it. Cunningham in his "Lives of the Sculptors," who needlessly is never otherwise than spiteful in his mention of Garrick, insinuates that Roubiliac could hardly be expected to do his best for 300 guineas, seemingly ignorant he is libeling the artist at the same time. Hannah More, in describing her first visit to Hampton in 1774, however, states that £500 was the statue's cost. The same belittling spirit has interpreted an anecdote of the sculptor's duplicating the head, when the tool had disclosed a vein in the marble across the mouth. "What, marked with mulberries!" cried Garrick, and the artist was left to discharge the cost of the actor's joke.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.*

II.

THE principles upon which popular collections of hymns for congregational use are formed are not by any means favorable to the most catholic selection. "As a general rule, the taste of the compilers is regulated by their theology," says Mr. Palmer; "they seem to be very easily satisfied with all that they think orthodox and edifying or liturgically appropriate; they do not submit hymns derived from sources which they respect to any free or independent criticism; and, on the other hand, they reject with morbid fastidiousness every sentiment and expression in which they think they detect the traces of opinions which they dislike. It is also their habit to cut down the compositions which they approve, with little discrimination or judgment, to such arbitrary dimensions as suit their ideas of the time which ought to be occupied during divine service by congregational singing."

It would be unjust to apply these remarks of the editor of the "Book of Praise" to the collection of Dr. Nehemiah Adams. From a somewhat hasty examination of the "Church Pastorals," we are led to conclude that the collection is made in good taste, and that, in general, the original text of the hymns is given. In some instances an altered form is given where we are inclined to regret that the original text is not preserved, while in others the alteration has by long use become more familiar to most Christians than the original words, and hence the restoration of these might be of doubtful expediency.

In regard to this matter of changing hymns, Sir Roundell Palmer says: "The system of tampering with the text of hymns has now grown into so great an abuse that to meet with any author's genuine text in a book of this kind [i.e., one intended for congregational use] is quite the exception. Censurable as this practice is, in a literary point of view, it must be confessed that those who adopt it may plead, in their excuse, the examples of many of the writers whose compositions they alter."

The Wesleys altered the compositions of Herbert, Sandys, Austin, and Watts. Toplady and Madan altered some of Charles Wesley's hymns. Toplady's own hymns were similarly treated (e.g., the "Rock of Ages"). Even Bishop Heber altered Jeremy Taylor's "Advent Hymn" in his own hymn-book. James Montgomery, after altering, quite extensively, the works of other men, complains that his own have been changed. It is rarely the case, even when a master undertakes to do this kind of work, that he succeeds, and yet it cannot be denied that some alterations in hymns have been decided improvements upon the original. In the hymn of Toplady, mentioned above, the version in common use has a line which seems to us decidedly preferable to the original. Instead of

"When my eyestrings break in death,"

as Toplady wrote it, we sing the simpler line,

"When my eyelids close in death."

Surely no one but a man who is wholly devoted to original versions would prefer the former. So, too, in one of Watts's best known hymns occurs the following stanza:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Doubtless this stanza is dear to many a devout mind accustomed to look more at the religious spirit of a hymn than at the expression of the idea. But the stanza is extremely faulty. In the first place it is grammatically defective. The verb "roll" is supplied with no subject. But, beyond this, there is a grave fault which cannot escape the notice of a mind sensitive to poetical beauty. The figure used is too sensuous for the spirituality of the idea. To talk about *bathe* a weary soul is, to say the least, bordering on materialism, and just now it is calculated to remind one of a lyric, absurd as it is popular, which tells us that though the *body* of a noted lover of liberty "lies mouldering," yet "his *soul* is marching on." Clearly a stanza like this needs alteration. Turning now to the small collection of hymns used by the Protestant Episcopal communion in this country, we find this stanza so modified as not merely to remove all objection on the score of grammatical accuracy and good taste, but also to furnish a figure eminently graceful and poetical:

"There anchored safe my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest,
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll,
Across my peaceful breast."

We have quoted these examples not to establish any general principle of even toleration to the "hymn tinkers," but merely to show that it is best not to make the rule that teaches us to detest them of such rigid strictness that it will admit of no exceptions. These remarks, too, may justify

* 1. The Book of Praise, from the best English hymn writers, selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. 1864.
2. Hymns and Meditations, by Miss A. L. Waring, with an introduction by Rev. F. D. Huntington D.D. Boston: E. P. Dutton. 1864.
3. Church Pastorals: Hymns for Social and Private Worship, collected and arranged by Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Boston. 1864.
4. A short paper on the "Devotional Poetry of Dr. Watts," contributed to the "Spirit of the Fair," by W. C. Bryant.

the good taste of Dr. Adams in regard to many of the alterations which he has retained, though they will not speak favorably for his retention of the older form in one of the hymns of which we have spoken. Nor do we think good reason can be shown for adopting the version which he takes of the glorious battle-psalm of the church, beginning,

"Soldiers of Christ arise
And put your armor on,"

when he must have been acquainted with the far superior version given in the "Hymns of the Ages" (first series, page 59).

Of course, in a work of this character, we cannot expect to find nothing that shall be offensive to Christians of other names than its editor. Sectarian hymns are to be found in this as in all other denominational hymn-books. But, so far as we can judge, they are not numerous, and those which are admitted into the book will probably be little less unpopular with Dr. Adams's own denomination than with others. We cannot help asking, however, what is the need of this new hymnal of the Congregational Church? We could name, perhaps, a dozen similar works published within the last ten years that have come under our own observation, and it is fair to presume that a much larger number has entirely escaped our notice. We trust that it is not a part of the Congregational system that every local religious society should have its own peculiar hymnal as well as its own peculiar creed. As a tastefully selected and well-arranged book of hymns for public worship, neatly printed, and with a judicious choice of tunes, we presume the "Church Pastorals" will join its just share of popularity among the large number of similar books to which the same praise might be accorded.

The "Book of Praise" is not intended for congregational use, but rather as a collection of some of the best examples of an interesting branch of popular literature, arranged with a simple and convenient classification. It is hymnology viewed rather from a literary than a theological or practical standpoint. There have been previous attempts of somewhat similar character, one or two of marked excellence having been first published in our own country, as the "Hymns of the Ages," which embraces certain English publications, with a large number selected by the American editors, and Dr. Huntington's valuable "Lyra Domestica." Such collections have, however, for the most part been made up of sacred poems not intended for music, rather than those which were primarily intended "for the service of song in the house of the Lord," which we take to be more properly hymns. The "Book of Praise," though it contains some such compositions, is chiefly made up from the hymns in actual use among Christians in public worship.

It is interesting, in taking up a book of this character, prepared, as this is, by a man of refined taste and sound judgment, to examine the index of authors, and see who are those most largely represented. The book contains 412 hymns—of which 26 are from unknown authors, and the remainder from 126 different writers, of whom 64 contribute but one hymn each, and some thirty of the remaining authors are represented by no more than three compositions. Taking out these, we find the number of those who have made considerable contributions to our hymnology is still quite large.

Most prominent among these we find the names of Cowper, Doddridge, Bishop Heber, Thomas Kelly, Keble, Lyte, Montgomery, John Newton, Toplady, John and Charles Wesley, and last, but most important of all, Dr. Watts, whose writings constitute a tenth part of the whole collection. This prominence of one author's poetry in the book under consideration warrants us in suspending for a time our remarks upon the book itself, while we say a few words upon the hymns of Dr. Watts. The excellent article recently published by Mr. Bryant, in regard to this subject, causes us deep regret that its author did not discuss the subject at greater length. When a man talks to us in so interesting a manner, on a subject of such general interest, we are never quite ready for him to conclude his remarks. After mentioning the fact that critics in general, including Johnson, have shown but little favor to Dr. Watts's devotional poetry, Mr. Bryant goes on to say:

"I maintain, for my part, that Dr. Watts has done admirably well what he intended to do, and the proof, if I wanted any other than the pleasure with which I have always read him, I find in the strong hold which his devotional verses have taken on the hearts of men in all conditions of life, and, I think, all varieties of religious belief. . . . He has been in his grave for considerably more than a century, yet have his psalms and hymns lost none of the favor which they had when they were first adopted by religious assemblies for public worship, and I believe are even now, generally speaking, in greater esteem than ever, notwithstanding that such poets as Doddridge, Cowper, Charles Wesley, Barbauld, and Heber have written devotional verses of very great merit since his time."

"The secret of this popularity lies, as it seems to me, in the union of strong feeling with great poetic merit. . . . No poet has ever expressed religious emotions with greater energy. . . . Some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses show that he possessed imagination in a high degree. What a beautiful picture, for instance, is set before us in the hymn beginning,

"There is a land of pure delight."

In this hymn, which is too familiar to all readers to be transcribed here, we have the green fields of immortal life with their unwithering flowers lying in perpetual light; the narrow river of death, dividing it from the present state of being; and the timorous crowd of mortals on the hither bank, shivering and staggering at the thought of passing through those cold waters."

We may add that the poetical genius is no less shown by

the circumstance that suggested this hymn, if, as the tradition informs us, it was composed while the author was looking across the "swelling flood" of Southampton Water or the Solent upon the "sweet fields" of the Isle of Wight. Mr. Bryant instances the passage,

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer,"

as conveying to the mind images which could only occur to a poet of no common genius.

There are few poets in the whole range of our sacred literature whose writings afford so many instances of real majesty as those of Dr. Watts. Take for example the following:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

And,

"Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

And,

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

And, lastly, a stanza, quoted by Mr. Bryant, which, as one reads it, sounds like the tumultuous swell of the "full organ" uniting its countless tones in one grand burst of melody:

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."

Nor is Dr. Watts less worthy of praise for his pathos and tenderness, though perhaps in this particular he is excelled by Charles Wesley and Cowper. The sweetness and melody of his efforts is well illustrated in his version of the forty-sixth psalm, which we regret to notice is omitted from the "Book of Praise." In our judgment it contains some of the finest lines in the whole range of our hymnology. The passage which we quote shows more than the mere melody, for the sake of which we here introduce it. It evinces the faculty of the true poet, which enables him to adapt his words in respect to their sound as well as their meaning to the idea conveyed. Notice the strength of this vigorous stanza,

"Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear;"

and then contrast it with the following lines from the same version:

"There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God."

To our ears there is not a passage in all English poetry which is more truly melodious. The very sound of the words reminds one of the placid current of the "River of Life" flowing under the golden gates of the Eternal City.

We cannot more fitly close our remarks upon Dr. Watts than in the words of Mr. Bryant, from whom we have already so largely quoted:

"I know very well that poetry of a very moderate degree of merit not unfrequently obtains great popularity on account of its religious character; but I do not recollect an instance in which it has held that popularity long. The devotional verses of Dr. Watts have stood the test of time, and it seemed to me due to him that some of the characteristic merits by which they are recommended should be pointed out."

We have protracted these remarks to such an extent that it will be necessary for us to defer until a future article the farther consideration of the "Book of Praise," and also what we have to say of Miss Waring's poems.

BOHN, BIBLIOPOLE, BIBLIOGRAPHER.*

TWO of the veteran London publishers in going from the stage are leaving behind them fit memorials of their honored and laborious lives. Mr. Charles Knight is now bringing out his own autobiography, called "Passages from a Working Life," but we prefer to wait till he has progressed farther in his narrative before taking note of it in these columns. Mr. Bohn, who has recently made public his intention of retiring from business, has given the last years of his active life to the preparation of the work which we have noted at the foot of the page, and it has proved the most important contribution to the bibliography of our literature which has ever been made. The vastness of the subject is one that is hardly apparent to any but an adept, and the longer such a one contemplates it the wider becomes the horizon. When Lowndes first issued his work in 1834, he complained of the low condition of English bibliography, and could point to nothing before him that could properly be considered as having mapped out with anything like distinctness the labor which was before him. He thought himself to confine his enumeration within twenty thousand titles, but although he manifestly slackened his energy as he proceeded (for his last letters are less perfect than the

earlier ones of the alphabet) he nevertheless closed with having brought together something like fifty thousand in all. The result proved his pains had been expended without reward, and his long trial was followed by distress during his last years. The work of most importance before him, Watt's "Bibliotheca," had been not more remunerative.

The twenty years that elapsed after Lowndes's publication, however, had greatly enhanced the value of stray copies of his work by the increase of collectors of books and the acknowledged usefulness of his manual to such, so that when Mr. Bohn undertook his reprint it was selling at seven pounds sterling the copy. His object at first was merely to correct the mistakes of Lowndes, with such additions as stood in his own copy, which he, as a bookseller, had kept constantly in use, and to include the whole in four volumes, to be sold at one-fifth the current price of the old edition. Being a conscientious worker, he soon found that such light labor would not produce a result at all commensurate with the demands of the literature, and he began to enlarge his sphere. Each successive part has improved upon the preceding, the volumes have gradually thickened, until a fifth has been added, and still another is promised, to include matter of kindred interest which did not come within the project as originated. His sales, as he tells us, have not been at all equal to the outlay, and he has gone on with the work, determined rather that it should be a boon to his conferees if it could not command a mercantile profit. Such pecuniary discouragements, contrary to the usual course, have not prevented him from bestowing more time and expense on each part, as published, than upon the last, and in this way it compares inversely to the original work, which deteriorated toward the end. We could point to some of his articles as complete monographs unsurpassed in Bibliography, such, for instance, as that portion on Shakespeare, which occupied him many months, and he proudly contemplates it as the main feature in his labors of this kind, and as perfect as possible. The article on Junius is another instance of thoroughness, while the hope that he expresses in the prefatory note to that part (5th), that accident had put him upon the right scent for the settling of the vexed question of the authorship of those letters, though not yet realized, is one of the most interesting revelations on the point that we have had, and would seem to indicate where light at some future time may yet be found.

Mr. Bohn could hardly have given a more acceptable parting gift than this edition, for we feel that, with his habits of industry and experience, the care of it was in very competent hands. He inherited doubtless with his German blood much of their plodding tirelessness, which have enabled the countrymen of Goethe to do so much in this very field, and to set an example before him of what could be done in the elucidation of Shakespearean literature. Indeed, if we may believe reports, such has been the unceasing devotion of Mr. Bohn to work that for years he has subjected himself to weekly examinations by his surgeon, to warn him of the first symptoms of the collapse that such unintermitted strain upon his mind might be supposed to produce. And it has been by this industry that he has been enabled, at sixty-five, to leave behind him a name more indissolubly connected with the dissemination of the best literature at low cost than any other man in England, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that the fears of many that the character of books would be injured by a cheap press has not been verified, while the world has received the infinite gain of the much wider scattering of knowledge. Indeed, in some respect, it is stated by Mr. Chambers, in his paper on "Book Trade," that the quality of general literature has much improved since the advent of cheap publications, and the proportion of immoral and absolutely vitiating books that are issued in England is surprisingly small.

When Mr. Bohn published, in 1841, that monstrously thick volume the "Guinea Catalogue," which we find now so invariably in the public libraries, and with the larger dealers, for reference—in its two thousand pages there were included some twenty-three thousand articles, and an enumeration of about three hundred thousand volumes. Mr. Allibone reckons that there are something over twice this number of volumes in the English language (of which he says about 50,000 would repay perusal!), and that there are about 30,000 English writers. Any one can thus judge how vast and utterly impossible must be the work, if anything like a perfect bibliography of such a mass should be attempted. It were useless to deny it would be desirable, and that a summary to embrace only the truly valuable were enough. Books are things that often have a fictitious and unsuspected value, and if it be not exactly true, as Johnson said, that any one can find something valuable in even the worst book, it is by no means certain that the most trivial publication may not at some time be of value in fixing a date or an inference, without which some important link in a chain of evidence connecting matters of the greatest moment would be undeterminable. Everybody knows how much of the absolute trash of the Elizabethan age has been successfully used in illustrating the meaning of Shakespeare; and the application is of course general.

This points out one of the grounds of inferiority that must ever attach probably to our great libraries in this country. The Imperial Library at Paris, with its 700,000 books, or its

2,000,000 volumes, does not contain, as Mr. Grant White thinks, a thousand volumes that we may not reasonably hope to get in this country within the next fifty years; and yet, in that interdicted number, as worthless as they most probably are in a mere critical sense, it is not unlikely this same fifty years may discover something of real importance in a way that is not now anticipated. It is farther stated that it may be counted upon that every book, except such as are known to be in the great collections only of the world, will turn up for sale, on an average, once in five years. If this statement is made upon wide experience, there is much ground for believing that our great public libraries, through the aid of their watchful agents abroad, will not be far behind the older collections of the other world in a few years, except in the matter of the class of books we have already indicated. English book-buyers are already complaining of the great scarcity in their market of second-hand books of a high class, so eagerly have they been sought after by collectors and agents from our country; and the same condition is reputed to exist in France, Germany, and Italy. It is reckoned that there are three million and a half of printed works in all tongues, and if we put the usual average of three volumes to a work, it would give about ten million volumes as having been sent forth by the press. The great library at Paris contains about one-fifth of this number, in relation to the total of both works and volumes; so we may hold the computation to be approximately correct. It is a fearful loss to contemplate, four-fifths of all that man's brain has done in the printed page during the last four hundred years; and we flatter our acquisitiveness and satirize our common humanity by supposing that this one-fifth remaining must embrace all that was truly valuable. We have no doubt the flattering unctious may be condensed to cover the one hundred and thirty thousand volumes of the Astor, and compute their real value as comprising the gist of the Imperial of fifteen times its size.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic.—The "Farmer of Edgewood" (the old *nom de plume* of "Ik Marvel" seems to be renounced) has built a very charming house of golden prose for the gratification of his many friends. It has seven stories, with a basement and attic. From top to bottom, from porch to cornices, the exquisite taste of one refined by long study of nature is made evident. Before introducing his friends to the mysteries of the seven stories, the author, in a dedicatory address, says:

"At best, I count the book only a little bundle of fagots which I have set to crackle away under the kettle, where I hope some day to cook a more savory mess. And though there be not much in this which shall stick to the ribs, I hope there is nothing that will breed in any man an indigestion."

With such explanations we are taken to the "basement," which serves for an introduction. We are shown five old note-books of travel in foreign lands. Each brings to mind some strange experience or some pleasant memories—the whole a mosaic of sketches by the way. Now it is London—now Liverpool—now the north of Scotland. Again:

"By a word, by a fragment of a line, dropped upon my little Genevieve book, the peak of Mont Blanc cleaves the sky for the first time in all my range of vision; the clear, up-lifted mountain of white, just touched with the rosy hues of approaching twilight—the blue brothers of nearer mountains shouldering up the monarch—the dark, low fir forests fringing all the valley up which I look—a shining streak of road that beckons me on to the Chamouni worship—the river (is it the Arve?) glistening and roaring a great song—all this my little book summons, freshly, and without disturbing object."

And again:

"This tattered little Roman journal, by merest mention of the greasy, cushioned curtain, under whose corner I first urged my way into the great aisle of St. Peter's, brings up the awed step with which I sidled down the marble pavement, breathing that soft atmosphere, perfumed with fading incense—oppressed, as by a charm, with the thought of that genius which had conjured this miracle of architecture; and oppressed (I know not how) by a thought of that Papal hierarchy which by such silent show of pomp and power had compelled the service of millions. And if I go back again, all this delightfully vague estimate of its grandeur cannot renew itself; the height is the same; all the width is there; those cherubs who hold the front are indeed giants; but the aroma of first impressions is lost in a whirl of new comparisons and estimates; is the Baldachino indeed as high as they say it is? Is St. Peter's too, of a truth worn away with the inveterate kissings? Every piece of statuary, every glowing blazon of mosaic compels an admeasure-ment of the old fancy with the object itself. All the charming, intoxicating generality of impression is preyed upon, and absorbed piecemeal by specialties of inference, or of observation, while here, in the quiet of my room, with no distracting object in view, I blunder through the disorderly characters of my note-book with all the old glow upon me, and start to life again that first, rich, Roman dream."

At another time he recalls his experience upon the ocean:

"And below, when I grope thither, and shut the state-room door to windward with a terrible lift, I sink back with one hand fast in the berth curtains, and the other in the bottom of the wash-bowl. I reflect a moment, and try to catch the gauge of the ship's movements; but while I reflect, a great plunge flings me down against the laboring door; I grasp the knob, I grasp the bed curtains which stretch conveniently toward me. The door flies open, the curtains fly back, and I am thrown headlong into my berth."

The first of the "seven stories" is the "Wet Day at an Irish Inn;" the second, the "Account of a Consulate;" the third, the "Petit Soulier;" the fourth, the "Bride of the Ice King;" the fifth, the "Cabriolet;" the sixth, the "Count Pesaro;" the seventh, "Emile Roque." The "Attic," or "Under the Roof," is a story of Torquay, wherein we are

* Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, by W. T. Lowndes: new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, by Henry G. Bohn. 5 vols. London, 1857-61.

taught the folly of speaking harshly of our neighbors. The whole comprises a very delightful edifice, the seven stories of which are all very interesting, as were the "seven gables" of another literary mansion. It is the pleasantest reading that one can well provide himself with to add to the enjoyments of a summer respite in the country.

There is a geniality and smoothness about Mr. Mitchell's writing which captivate the reader at once—whether it be a book about farm matters or a volume of stories. The strength and power of many writers may be wanting, but in beauty of style and elegance of finish his pen has few equals among American writers. The present volume, so neatly printed, so fresh and pleasant, so welcome in these days when all is war and anxiety, will be widely read, and as often as it is read, so often will new laurels be gathered for the gentleman farmer and elegant author whose home is at "Edgewood."

Wax Flowers.—J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, having published for the benefit of those ladies who like to work in the garden a very beautiful guide for the cultivation of flowers, now issue a little volume for the enjoyment of such as prefer to do all their work indoors. It is a hand-book of instruction in the art of making wax flowers—an art which has lately become very popular in this country. It seems to be a very satisfactory instructor, giving in detail all the requisite processes, and in a simple and intelligible way. If we must have counterfeits—if we cannot have the real always with us and in abundance—then we should say, let the tricks of the artisan be very refined and very scientific. If we must have artificial fuchsias and lilies and roses and pinks, don't let them be so coarse that strangers to the original shall learn of nature in a way which shall lessen his respect for its beauties and wonders. Even wax flowers might make a man an infidel. It is poor imitation that lessens faith, and makes men materialists.

We have seen men go up to a bunch of flowers in a shop in this city, and seek to draw from it its supposed fragrance. And when they found that the clusters were wax, and made by a woman's hands, they turned away with a look that seemed to say, "Men and women can equal the art of nature." They cannot see that it is the Infinite who alone can flood the blossoms with the breath of fragrance, and put a soul into them. So they let their belief be weakened, and they give way to doubt, and float about, seeming to expect that the next step will be for men to infuse fragrance into the waxen buds and blossoms. And still we say, let the artificial be as near to the natural as possible. Even at the best they cannot approach within an infinite distance to the pure and real as it comes from the hand of the Maker. But, if coarse and rudely fashioned, many a man will let this give him his idea of nature, and his respect for the Creator of all that is beautiful will be lessened.

This little volume tells us that we may have a perpetual garden, over which nor winter nor summer can have a shade of influence, and from which we may cull at will fruits and flowers, even the fairest and frailest. The tints and colors shall never be wanting. The stems and bells and buds and leaves, the petals and calyx—all shall be perfect. But the one thing is wanting. As home without friends, as daylight without sunshine, as night without stars, as religion without God—so are wax flowers without fragrance. We talk about the ingenuity of man. Can he, with all his cunning, imitate the aroma that floats from fruits and blossoms? He can extract it, but can he create it? How small a thing it takes to prove the wondrous, mighty width of separation between the finite and the infinite!

Not every hand can take this little guide-book and mould to perfection the senseless flowers. It takes long skill, long practice, and long patience. In this city there lives an old woman, unknown and unheard of, except when at times compelled to beg, whose eyes seldom have the opportunity to look upon the green fields and real flowers, but whose hand is more skillful in wielding the waxen imitations than perhaps any one in the country. One frosty night last winter we saw her at a shop counter selling a most delicious-looking bunch of flowers. All that she could make were eagerly taken there, we were told. She quietly slipped away to her hovel, and among the dirt and rags doubtless plied her art again to fashion the lily and the rose, the convolvulus and the hyacinth, either of which in their own native freshness and sweetness she could not afford to possess. That woman, we were told, moulds from memory! For that for which she receives but little, the shrewd shopman receives handsome sums. Her clusters are always in demand.

It is true, however, that all can learn the art, and can practice to greater or less perfection. For indoor recreation, it is a pleasant way of proving one's taste. With skeleton leaves and the imitations of flowers in wax, ladies can find much to enjoy and perhaps to improve. If painting and indeed all art is but imitation—which many claim it is not—why shall not the making of wax flowers be included among the arts?

Water-Babies: a Fairy Tale for Land-Babies.—We have read this little book with more pleasure than any children's book which has appeared for a long time. We knew that a good thing was to be looked for when we saw the name of the writer, Rev. Charles Kingsley, but we did not think so per-

fect a volume for boys and girls was so silently appearing in the country. We have seen little notice of it, but we can assure our readers that it is a great success, and it is well worthy a place in every child's library. A few extracts will make known the inimitable style of the author. In trying to "prove" the existence of fairies, the writer says:

"Some people think that there are no fairies. Cousin Cramchilde tells little folks so in his conversations. Well, perhaps there are none—in Boston, U. S., where he was raised. There are only a clumsy lot of spirits there, who can't make people hear without thumping on the table; but they get their living thereby, and I suppose that is all they want. And Aunt Agitate, in her Arguments on Political Economy, says there are none. Well, perhaps there are none in her political economy. But it is a wide world, my little man—and thank Heaven for it, for else, between crinolines and theories, some of us would get squashed—and plenty of room in it for fairies, without people seeing them; unless, of course, they look in the right place. The most wonderful and the strangest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you; and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move, and think: and yet you can't see it. And so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what makes the world go round to the old tune of

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait le monde à la ronde;"

and yet no one may be able to see them except those whose hearts are going round to the same tune."

The folly of forcing children to too tedious and puzzling study is set forth as follows:

"You see," said the stick, "there were as pretty little children once as you could wish to see, and might have been so still if they had been only left to grow up like human beings, and then handed over to me; but their foolish fathers and mothers, instead of letting them pick flowers, and make dirt-pies, and get birds-nests, and dance round the gooseberry bush, as little children should, kept them always at lessons, working, working, learning week-day lessons all weekdays, and Sunday lessons all Sundays, and weekly examinations every Saturday, and monthly examinations every month, and yearly examinations every year, everything seven times over, as if once was not enough, and enough as good as a feast—till their brains grew big, and their bodies grew small, and they were all changed into turnips, with but little water inside; and still their foolish parents actually pick the leaves off them as fast as they grow, lest they should have anything green about them."

The pleasantry of the author culminates in the "moral," which is a capital ending to this very readable book.

Memorial of Bird Wilson, D.D.—We read over forty pages of this book without discovering that there had ever been any such distinguished person as Rev. Bird Wilson. In fact, we concluded that there had been some mistake, either of the author or the printer, whereby a Life of Judge James Wilson had been miscalled. But after the first forty-one pages we found the subject of the volume introduced, and was satisfied if at length the biographer had taken the matter firmly in hand.

Dr. Bird Wilson, it is well known and remembered, was professor in the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in this city, and was distinguished for his scholarship and gentle Christian character. He was born in Carlisle, Pa., on the 8th of January, 1777, graduated at the College (now University) of Pennsylvania in 1792, studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of 21. In 1818 he renounced the law, and applied himself to preparation for the Christian ministry. He held but one rectorship, and that but for two years, at Norristown, Pa. He was connected with the Seminary for twenty-nine years, after which time his life was devoted to quiet study. He died in 1859. His memory is gratefully cherished by the many who were under him as pupils, while his connections with all were such as to have a pleasing and lasting impression. We regret that his biographer should have chronicled his life and character so badly. It is lacking in taste and gracefulness throughout. In fact, we have seldom encountered a worthy subject so unworthily treated as this. Few men can write good books, and fewer still can write a fitting biography.

From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics is the title of a book of some four hundred pages which Mr. G. P. Putnam is about to publish. The author is J. Milton Mackie. Judging from the advance sheets, which we have examined with care, the typography of the book will be unexceptionable. As for the contents, the author writes correctly, punctuates with commendable accuracy, and records what is of little interest. He says in his preface that "these sketches of travel were written before the breaking out of the present rebellion in the Southern States; but as, on the occurrence of this event, letters very properly yielded to arms, they were withheld from publication. The day for travelers' diaries is passed. If Mr. Mackie had deferred both his trip and the record of it until after the war, he would have had the material for a very interesting and instructive book."

ART.

ART AND THE "CENTURY."

THE last regular monthly meeting, for this season, of the members of the Century Club, took place Saturday night. Most of the members will not meet again until November. The occasion called out the more distinguished of the centurions, whose presence added to the interest and pleasure of the evening. We were surprised to find so many artists there. Kensett, Gifford, Bierstadt, Cranch, Hazeltine, Huntington, Gignoux, Hennessy, Snyder, Hicks, Hall, Hays, Lang, Thompson, and Johnson were present. The committee on art made a report which at once does honor to the liberality of the members of the Century, and compiments in a handsome manner one of our first landscapeists, Mr. John F. Kensett. Certain gentlemen of the club combined to commission Mr. Kensett to

paint a landscape, to be completed within two years from date, for the sum of five thousand dollars; the picture to be the property of the Century Club. Certain members of the club have also purchased Eastman Johnson's drawing of "The Drummer Boy" and presented it to the club. The Century is thus rapidly adding to its art-wealth, and has already formed the nucleus of what must in time be one of the finest art-collections in this city. The pictures that have graced its walls at every regular monthly meeting must be remembered with pleasure. It is much to have the latest works—works that are not always seen outside of the studio of the artist or the gallery of the patron of art—in the little gallery of the clubhouse. Often the most exquisite and true bits from nature—fruits of recent trips to the sea-side or the interior—are exhibited by the artist-members. It is as if we were entertained once a month with a sweet lyric from Gerald Massay before publication, or an idyl by Tennyson, or a dramatic sketch by Browning—like in kind if not in degree. The Century is able to offer what may be called unpublished pictures to its members; and which, unlike an unpublished MS., do not bore if offered us, because we can measure and estimate without the loss of time necessary to know a manuscript poem or essay.

MR. BABCOCK.—Among the pictures in the gallery last Saturday evening was a most rich and exquisite example of color by Babcock, an American artist in Paris. This little picture is in some respects a most remarkable work. Its faults are obvious, and we venture to affirm that to dwell upon them is at once an injustice to the artist and shows a want of appreciation of certain purely artistic merits that should always win a good word from a painter, since none but artists in organization can know the special excellence which is illustrated by Mr. Babcock's works. Mr. Babcock is a partialist; he is a man who may be said to have one faculty which makes him an artist. That is, he has a just and exquisite feeling for the qualities, the values, and the relations of color. What may be called the motive of his work is a sensation of color. He combines his pigments to represent a melody. He is a musician who paints. His pictures have tone, harmony; they are a visible music; they are sweet little manifestations of feeling. They tell no story, they excite no thought; they come to us as sweet sounds and quicken in us delicious sensations. The picture at the Century represented a semi-nude girl with a jewel case before her and a necklace of pearls in her hands. It is quite impossible for us to put this picture in words. Expressive of the utmost purity, a face full of gentleness, a melting and tender grace, it recalled to us Keats's "dainty fairness;" and the smooth excess of the arms and shoulders of the girl were such as must delight a heart infatuated with the beautiful. The greatest charm of Babcock's picture, however, is purely artistic, and lies in the sweetness, richness, and quality of its color. It is offensive in drawing, and it is flat. There is no such thing as modeling or relief about the picture. Mr. Babcock seldom aims for or gets the latter characteristics of nature: what he aims for is variety, richness, and harmony of color, and he gets it; it is his specialty. His pictures have no relationship to the works of foreign or American pictures. They indicate that his artistic affinities are in the Venetian school; but such expression as he has is quite his own.

EASTMAN JOHNSON.—We have left ourselves but little space to write of the masterly pictures of Eastman Johnson. Happily it is not necessary for us to dwell upon his works. Whatever Mr. Johnson does is sure of appreciation and needs no critic's word as a confirmation. We therefore briefly remark that Mr. Johnson exhibited at the Century a very remarkable family group, of which Mr. Blodgett is the fortunate possessor. The picture is of an excellence that is the more noteworthy since the difficulties of the treatment of the subject were such as must have baffled an artist of less power and skill than Mr. Eastman Johnson. The picture is most carefully executed and of great interest. Hall, Hicks, Gifford, Lang, and Hays were represented by characteristic works. Mr. Huntington offered a carefully painted head of a lady, very beautiful in expression, and which we accept as the best picture he has exhibited this year.

FOREIGN ARTISTS' AID TO THE SANITARY FAIR.

One of the most gratifying evidences of generous and active sympathy with the great cause for which we are now struggling is the exceedingly liberal donations from the artists of Dusseldorf and Berlin, and three or four from Paris, in aid of the soldier. The artists of Germany have responded to the needs of our sick and wounded and sent over some two hundred or more pictures to be disposed of for the United States Sanitary Fund. These pictures, to which were ferred last week, were received too late to be included in the sale of last month of American pictures. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. John F. Kensett, Chairman of the Committee on Fine Arts, assisted by Mr. S. P. Avery, these works have been placed on exhibition at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, to be sold at public auction on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday June 15th and 16th, by Henry H. Leeds & Miner, who have yielded the use of their gallery and will sell the pictures gratuitously. Letters from some of the foreign artists indicate the warmest and most intelligent sympathy for the cause of our country, and the works contributed by them are of an excellence which, while it reflects credit upon them, must also give pleasure to our patriots and art-lovers. The thanks of the American artists are due to Mr. John R. Tait, of Dusseldorf, and Mr. Lepke, of Berlin, for the able and successful manner in which they have represented the cause of the Fine Arts Committee of the Sanitary Fair. The paintings and drawings now on exhibition at No. 548 Broadway are from the easels of Becker, Knans, Carl Hubner, O. Achenbach, C. Sohn, Meyer of Bremen, Ed. Frère, Duverger, Hamman, Hildebrandt, and others more or less known to the American art-public. O. Achenbach is represented by a freely handled and expressive picture of the Roman Campagna, which is said to be a most truthful rendering of the place. It is a picture charged with feeling, almost somber but for the strong flashing light breaking through a troubled and threatening sky. Another notable picture is a study of a little girl's head, by G. Spangenberg. The face of

the girl is full of expression, almost of fascination, beautifully drawn and modeled, and has just a dash of wildness, or better of pure nature, to give it a peculiar interest. The tumbled hair, the sweet little mouth (the flavor of wild cherries about the whole), and its unmistakable peasant-individuality render it attractive in the highest degree. C. Kulinski is represented by a very true and expressive sketch—a landscape with a good sky, and some cattle huddled together on the right of the composition. Carl Hubner sends a very thoughtful work, a well-considered story, representing a wounded zouave sitting beside an old hearth-stone, dozing from sheer weakness, watched by an attentive and prayerful girl. The poor zouave is painted with the utmost tenderness of feeling, and his face and figure are well drawn. This work of Hubner's will probably be the most popular picture in the collection. Prof. Max Schmidt sends a powerful picture of a windy day on the coast of Basile. The flashes of light breaking over the water, the movement of the sea and sky—these are well rendered. The picture, as a whole, is full of nature. Hildebrandt is represented by a fine drawing of the Isle of Jersey; Carl Becker by a beautiful and characteristic study of a girl's head; E. Frere by a sketch of the interior of a cottage with an old woman making broth; E. Hamman by a vigorous drawing of an incident of frequent occurrence in the history of Venice—a subject full of dramatic interest and of mysterious horror; it would serve as an illustration of a passage in one of Ik Marvel's recent stories. We have no time to refer to other works in the collection, though equally deserving of a paragraph and the appreciation which it ought to contain. Let us express the hope that the generosity of the foreign artists will be recognized and the needs of the soldier met by a most spirited sale and profitable result on the evenings of the 15th and 16th of June. Among this collection will be found two pictures by George Boughton which were not received in time to be placed among the contributions of his brother artists of this city. One of these pictures represents a very sweet maiden of the olden time walking in the autumn woods, reading a letter. It is called the "Billye Doux," and has all the nameless grace, slightness of execution, and sweetness of sentiment which are now characteristic of Mr. Boughton's work.

FRENCH ART INTELLIGENCE.

A very sad story is told of Troyon. It seems that he is hopelessly insane, and has been removed, to the inexpressible grief of his friends and fellow-artists, to a lunatic asylum. The Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes: "M. Troyon enjoyed a high reputation in England, and his success in perfidious Albion has often given reins to the quick imagination of his *confères*. He is supposed to have received fabulous sums from John Bull for his pictures, and there are not wanting scandal-mongers who assert that his earnings whetted his hunger for money, until gold became his waking dream, and in the end unseated his reason. I am told that he made it a rule to earn fifty francs every morning before breakfast by painting dealers' pictures, and that he then went to his serious works. But who shall say what is true of men here, where chroniclers by the score live on scandal?"

PARIS EXHIBITION.—The crowds who visit the Paris Exhibition are said to "flock about Winterhalter's new portrait of the Empress; Meissonier's exquisitely executed group of the Emperor at Solferino, upon which he has worked so long; Gustave Moreau's (*Edipus and the Sphinx*) (a startling work if ever there was one); Charles Marchal's 'Servants Hiring in Alsacia' (a fresh and dainty bit of life that comes home to all the work-folk, who stare at it and utter dry bits of humor about it); Fromentin's vigorously painted study of an 'Arab Horseman surprised by the Simoom,' that in a solid black mass is moving with awful majesty toward them; and the more notable landscapes of Theodore Rousseau, Corot, Chaintreuil, D'Aubigny, and others." Eugene Fromentin spoken of above is the author of a book on the East, remarkable for the vividness of its style and the reality with which it sets before the reader aspects of that fascinating land. As a writer, he is a great favorite of Geo. Sand, who delights to express appreciation of his literary genius.

BOSTON ART NOTES.

If I had looked with mine ears, according to the advice given to "Gloster" by Shakespeare's maddened King, I should have written, very likely, that the picture denominated "Washington Irving and his Literary Friends," by Darley and Schuettele, copartners, was an immense success. But I didn't, thanks to a consecration of virtuous habits. Of course the engravings will be gobbled up one after another, will be stunningly framed and glazed, hung with blazing red cord and tassels to match, and pointed at all through the hereafter as glowing specimens of American art. The painting makes itself particularly acceptable to that class of persons who purchased "The Death-Bed of Webster," "Franklin at the Court of France," "Distinguished Americans," and other pictures of similar styles.

But let us take up with matter of greater interest. Here are pictures in the outer room by Hammatt, Billings, Gay, Hinckley, Bradford, Hodgdon, Innes, Brown, Gifford, Tait, Curtis, (American artists), Valerio, Fortin, Willems, Micás, Lemmens, Rogier, and Brissot (French). Mr. Billings is represented by a very small painting, finished, I believe, since his return from Europe—a girl at a pump—scarcely worthy of him, either as a designer or painter. It is feebly drawn, and entirely lacking in the richness of color we rightly expected from him after his long residence among the best of the foreign artists. The beautiful ink drawing, called the "Love-Test," on the easel near by, shows most conclusively that the business of Mr. Billings should be with the pencil and not with the brush. Certainly all that he has done thus far in the way of color is, hard, dry, and altogether mediocre. Mr. Gay shows one of his charming combinations of coast and beach, excellently and truthfully painted. Mr. Hinckley a cattle piece. I cannot say much in praise of it. After an acquaintance with Rosa Bonheur and Troyon, Mr. Hinckley's pictures seem very super-

ficial, stiff, and uninspired. His cattle are the cattle of our toy-hops, polished and pretty, with not even the slightest relationship to the earth. Saving some tolerably good painting of trees and clouds, there is little ground for any impression to be made on the mind of the observer of devotion or truth to nature on the part of the artist. Mr. Bradford exhibits a coast view, wreck and rocks, with a metallic stretch of water that is very disagreeable. Considering the number of good pictures Mr. Bradford has done, I feel constrained to say that this one is a failure. It should have remained turned to the wall in his studio. By the way, he sailed from this port on the 3d instant for the coast of Labrador, taking with him Mr. Wasson, one of the writers attached to the company who do the writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. William Pierce, one of the best of our photographers, and a number of scientific and literary gentlemen of the surrounding country. A vessel was chartered for the purpose some time ago by Mr. Bradford for a three months' cruise. Success and a safe return to them all. Mr. Hodgdon is represented by a small work—New England scenery—accurate, and true as true can be. Take it for all in all, there is no picture in the gallery of greater value. And here is one by Mr. Innes, who is well known to be a man of great mark and power. As an interpreter of nature in her several moods, he has few if any equals; as a poet, standing lovingly between her and humanity, he is unrivaled. This last production from his hand is grandly and faithfully treated.

Although he has ventured upon a difficult province, the solemn interior of a magnificent forest, he reaches with marvelous skill a result inaccessible to all but a very few of our best artists. Mr. Gifford exhibits a moonlight. He, too, is one of our cherished teachers, and the presence of this little picture here, so full of silent beauty, increases our indebtedness to him. Mr. Tait favors us with a "Quail and Chickens," not quite up to his accustomed mark; Mr. Curtis a night scene, indifferently good; Mr. De Haas, a bit of coast, nicely but not altogether truthfully painted. The French pictures are very attractive, especially those by Rogier, Lemmens, and Brissot. I can find but little this week in the way of news. The artists are making preparations to leave the city. Mr. Wright goes to Europe; Mr. Ames, who is busy painting a Venus, to Newport; and Messrs. Williams and Ordway into the White Mountain region. There is a rumor here that Ball's "Washington" is in danger of not getting cast for a long time to come. The original price for putting up the statue, estimated before the war, was \$8,000. It cannot be done now for more than double that amount. The funds appropriated for this purpose, for compensation to the artist and for minor expenses are running low, consequently an exhibition of the work (which I hear is contemplated) seems absolutely necessary. Next week I shall take a look at the paintings in the gallery of the Athenæum.

DRAMA.

"ALADDIN" AT THE OLYMPIC.

We think it is the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood" who tells us, in one of his magazine papers, how he was spirited back to his boyhood's days, as he lay awake in his camp one night, when out hunting in the lonely Canadian forests, by accidentally casting his eyes upon a printed page in which the mustard pot—if we remember rightly—was wrapped up. It proved to be a leaf torn from some ill-used copy of that wonderful museum of romance, "The Arabian Nights." The snow lay four feet deep upon the ground then, and the hunter had supped upon a steak from the succulent moose; but the genie came about him as he read by the flickering light of the camp-fire, wreathed him with roses of Cashmere, and took him bodily away to the delicious realms of fancy in which he had learned to revel when a boy, and to glimpses of his childhood's home, with its lights and its shadows, and the forms of the loved ones that were thousands of miles away. There is a touch of this magic in all that relates to the mysterious East, and we are more than half inclined to believe that the Hindoo juggler who makes a tree grow suddenly up from a seed is no juggler after all, but a seer whose sight is of the kind called second, and goes to the root of things. When we dip into the pages of the old romance of the Orient, we long to go upon a high old Asiatic spree, and get intoxicated upon *blang*—partly because we haven't the least idea what *thang* is, though we have no doubt that Mr. Oscanayan could tell us. We clap our hands (ignoring the bell at our elbow), and expect to see a graceful Nubian slave-girl of the polished rosewood complexion appear at our summons, bearing several jars of clarified butter before her on a valuable silver tray. What we are to do with the clarified butter when we get it is nobody's business but our own. Haroun al Raschid always called for and got it, and so did Abushamat and Omar and the other fashionable men of that fine old time, and so we know that it must be the thing. Sherbet in crystal goblets looms upon our view, and oh, how low in our estimation falls then the man who would call for a vulgar pewter foaming with the plebeian shandygaff! It is a celestial vision to dream of. There is nothing in it of the everyday life that becomes so irksome from its repetition. In all the various romances of the geni, you shall not pick out a butcher whose habitude it was to sit upon a refrigerator and smoke a five-cent cigar, as we observe the gentlemanly fletcher at "our corner" doing every time we gaze out at the window for an idea. Scheherazade, we are inclined to think, made a pastime of embroidering slippers, and it might not be altogether unreasonable to suppose that Zuleima occasionally occupied herself with French fluting (whatever that may be) between the intervals of the dulcet lute. But never came the ghost of a sewing-machine to destroy the poetry of that bewitching stitching, and convert the bower of these almond-eyed beauties into a *magasin des modes*. Such-like were ever our sweet illusions of the Orient. Mr. Oscanayan did his best to disabuse us of them, in his lectures, by profanely letting daylight in upon the crepuscular apartments of the harem. He even manifested upon the manipulation by which the Asiatic ladies train their panta-

lettinas to drape so artistically upon their well-modeled limbs. The Princess Belgiojoso tells us that the harem is only so-so, being nothing to speak of as a bower for the most part, but more frequently a tenement-house-chamber sort of arrangement, with cracked ceiling and mildewed walls.

It was the announcement of "Aladdin," at the Olympic, that thus blew the Golden Horn for us, and suspended us, like Mohammed's bier, between heaven and earth. We found ourself a little nearer earth of the two, however, immediately upon taking our seat in that cheerful house on Monday evening last. It seemed as if the Bowery had overflowed its banks, and landed half of its Nilotic horrors high and dry in the gallery of the Olympic. The delays incidental to a first night get no consideration from the roughs; and if the whistling and stamping of hoofs that marred the Broadway character of the Olympic on Monday evening are intended for repetition until farther notice, we suggest that Mrs. Wood might do well to add another Bowery feature to her theater by procuring the services of the coercive policeman with the bamboo cane. The Olympic version of "Aladdin" is a Chinese puzzle to us, a thing awfully and marvelously made. It is nothing if not a burlesque—and yet, not being exactly that, what shall we say it is? It is, indeed, placed upon the stage without any regard to expense, and that to an extent rather disproportioned, we should say, to its merits as a piece. If anything finer than the scenery here, or more illusive than the mechanical effects, has ever hitherto been achieved by one of our metropolitan managers, we shall be loath to remember it. The Jeweled Cavern, indeed, is a triumph of scenic art, and if the red and white apples that are so lavishly scattered there do look like billiard balls, they are all the better for that, and will keep well in any climate. We lose ourselves in the affluence of the Jeweled Cavern, and recur to the vision of our childhood. It is a fairy spectacle—pure old fairy glamour of the East, and none of the spurious American pattern that calls itself *clairvoyant* and advertises in the daily papers. But hold—not so fast. What comes here, with red paint on its nose, with eyebrows that are false and hideous as Tartarus, and with a night-cap tall and ponderous as the mosque of Saint Sophia from which the mazzin sounds? It is Mr. J. H. Stoddard, got up as a deleterious old widow called Jing Jolly Gong, and we believe we are assisting at a burlesque. But if it is a burlesque, why doesn't somebody give us a song in it? What is old Mrs. Jing Jolly Gong about that she neglects to perform the necessary Virginia break-down? The tricks of Mr. C. T. Parsloe, as Kasrac, the dumb slave, are agile as those of the Arab acrobats, and his privation acquits him of song; but why should not Mr. Davidge in his personation of Abenazar, who is a funny man, certify to the burlesque character of "Aladdin" by snatches of modern comic melody? Zobyad, so prettily represented by Mrs. Sedley Brown, is hardly fish, nor yet is she flesh. Give her a song—be it loud or be it loving—and let us know how we stand with regard to "Aladdin," and whether we are to do the dreamy, as in a soft Arabian night, or the boisterous, as in a burlesque. At the close of the piece our mind is a chaos of drifts. Sometimes we see Haroun al Raschids and Barmecides, and sometimes Oscanayans and Belgiojosos vilify our views; but we come away with the impression that "Aladdin" at the Olympic is rather a beautiful thing.

LITERARIANA.

A very dainty little book, as regards its typography and binding, is "The Pilgrim's Progress" which Messrs. Sever & Francis have just issued in their charming "Golden Treasury" series. Indeed, we know of no edition of this marvelous old religious allegory which will compare with it; the type, the paper, the printing, are perfect. The illustrations are not much to our taste, however, and if by Stothard, as the advertisement tells us, they are not among his happy efforts. They lack the chief characteristic of his designs—a certain infantine simplicity of conception, and a nameless grace of execution; portions of them are positively feeble. We doubt, indeed, whether any artist of modern times possessed or possesses the requisite genius for illustrating this unique work. Blake may have had it in his best days, but then his wonderful powers were not to be depended upon, for his imagination was as lawless as it was weird. The only men who could have illustrated it fittingly were dead, years, centuries, before it was written—Albert Durer, perhaps, or some of the early painters of Italy, in whom art and religion were one. For the book itself—what can be said of it that has not been said before? "This wonderful book," said Coleridge, "is one of the few books which may be read repeatedly, at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian, and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work; once with devotional feelings; and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such delightful colors." And concerning its style, which, low as it is, Coleridge says "is without slang or false grammar," Lord Macaulay remarked: "There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." It is hardly safe, perhaps, to predict immortality for any uninspired book, but if there be any one book which, after Shakespeare, will last as long as the language in which it is written, it is "Pilgrim's Progress." Nearly two hundred years have elapsed since it

struggled into being from the tortured heart and brain of the "inspired tinker," and its popularity has never for a moment waned, but is greater now than when it was first published and passed through ten editions in eight years, and that, too, in an age not remarkable for reading.

Some profound student of human nature, especially in America, once observed that there was no office so low that somebody was not willing and anxious to fill it. The observation was made in reference to our political institutions, but it is equally true of many other things in this country. As, for instance, those which come, however improperly, under the head of Taste. "The Aberrations of Taste" would be a capital subject for an essay, if one had the knowledge and the patience to write it, and one of its best examples would be the taste for collecting postage stamps! It is of very recent growth, but, recent as it is, it has taken a deep root, and among persons in whom one would least expect to find it. Its most ardent votaries at present appear to be young ladies and boys of a tender age, though truth compels us to say that it is by no means confined to them, but occasionally breaks out, like a second measles, among "children of a larger growth." Postage albums are in great demand among them, and an acquaintance who has a foreign correspondence, is indeed a godsend. The farther off the correspondence, or rather the stamps thereon, the nearer he is to their hearts. A missive from Mexico is magnificent; a line from Lima is lovely; while a tribute from Timbuctoo, were such a thing possible, would be tenderly terrible! It was not to make fun of these good people, however (for folly of a certain sort presupposes goodness), that we began this paragraph, but rather to delight them with the announcement of a volume which Messrs. Sever & Francis have recently published for their especial benefit—a "Catalogue of Postage Stamps, American and Foreign, and U. S. Revenue Stamps." It is a neat little book of 78 pages, bound in yellow paper covers, and containing, we presume, the bibliography, if we may use the phrase, of postage stamps. We have not read it—for, *entre nous*, the collecting of postage stamps is not one of our hobbies—but we commend it to those whom it is likely to interest, and shall not complain if it fills the places on their shelves which Lowndes and Brunet ought to fill on ours. They might read worse books; as, Parton's "Life of Butler."

Mr. C. B. Richardson has carried the *United States Service Magazine* safely over six months, and presents the public with the six numbers of his excellent magazine bound up handsomely in book form. The magazine is ably conducted, tastefully printed, and already seems assured of success.

FOREIGN.

THE variety and extent of the remains of ancient art which still exist in Athens both above the ground and below it are well known to all who have visited the rising capital of modern Greece. But little effort has been made, however, to classify and describe them. It is interesting, therefore, to see that the resident scholars have begun to devote themselves to the task. "Die Grabsteine der alten Griechen nach den in Athen erhaltenen Resten derselben untersucht," is the title of a little book recently published at Leipzig by Dr. Peter Pervanoglu, a Privat-Dozent in the University at Athens, and well instructed in the results of German investigation. It was the intention of Rhangabe to have discussed the same subject in his "Antiquités helléniques," but he seems to have given it up. The mural monuments of Attica were well treated of in Stackelberg's "Ueber die Gräber der Hellenen," and have been more or less discussed by Janssen, Stephani, and others, but there is no work which contains so thorough an account of them as the present. And there is hardly any class of antiquities, it may be added, which throw so beautiful a light upon the private life and the social character of the Athenians.

Within the last few years two expeditions have been sent out by the two leading powers of Germany for the circumnavigation of the world. The Austrian expedition in the ship *Novara* contemplated chiefly scientific objects. The Prussian expedition had rather political and diplomatic ends in view. An account of the former was published some time ago. The results of the latter have now been published at Leipzig, accompanied with illustrations, in two volumes: "Die Preussische Expedition nach China, Japan, und Siam im Jahre 1860, 1861, und 1862. Reisebriefe von Reinhold Werner, Lieutenant zur See I. Klasse." Besides being a cultivated and able man, the author has been a great traveler, having several times visited almost every part of the world, and been more than a dozen times round the Cape of Good Hope. This work is popular in character and has been very well received. The chapters upon Japan contain a great deal of information upon that interesting and peculiar country. The author considers the Japanese as "perhaps the cleanliest and most orderly people in the world." They show great eagerness and facility in learning foreign languages. The Prussians had hardly been a month in Yokuhama before the Japanese shopkeepers addressed them in German. Many scientific German works have already been translated into Japanese. When Count Eulenberg, the Chief of the Prussian Embassy, upon the occasion of presenting to the Japanese officials the gifts intended for the Tycoon, introduced Lieutenant von Brandt to them, one of them asked whether he was the Brandt who had written "Die Taktik der drei Waffen," and upon hearing that he was the son of the author of that work, sent him the next day a Japanese translation of the book, with a request to receive it as a token of recognition of his father's services. The Japanese are much more enterprising than the Chinese. They have already begun to build ships upon the European model, and with the help of Dutch engineers had already in 1861 constructed steam-engines up to nine hundred horse power for large frigates. Like the Chinese, however, they are a thoroughly literary people. As in China, every one can read and write. The export of books has been prohibited by the government, and therefore Japanese books are seldom seen in Europe. But the Prussian expedition

obtained from two to three thousand volumes for the library in Berlin, which it is expected will be of great service to the German orientalist. Many of them are of a technological character; one is an encyclopedia of technology, in eighteen large volumes, with several thousand wood-cuts printed in the text, and executed with the greatest minuteness. There are also many works upon natural history; one work, in three volumes, is devoted to the description and representation of the fishes of Japan, and the engravings of the form and the color of each fish are so perfect that it is at once recognizable. In all his travels the author had never been in any country which made so pleasant an impression as Japan. The romantic beauty of the scenery, the hospitality of the people, the cleanliness of the houses and streets, the magic charm of the gardens—all made them heartily sorry when the time came to take their leave.

The early history of Mohammedanism, the elements and the source of its power, is a subject which in the present condition of the East has drawn to itself the general attention of scholars. The allusions by Hamaker and others to the history of Albeladhuri had excited an interest in it which has now resulted in the publication of it at Leyden. The author was a confidant of one of the last of the califs, and had every opportunity to learn the truth of the facts which he records. He was better entitled than any one, indeed, to write a history of the foundation and growth of the Arabian power. His work begins with the arrival at Medina of Mohammed, and then takes up in succession the countries through which the Prophet and his followers swept so rapidly. His notices are brief, and, as in the case of Spain, not always complete. The first half of the work treats of the Mohammedan conquests in Arabia, Syria, Cyprus, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Spain, Sicily, Rhodes, and Crete—of countries, therefore, which were for the most part Christian, and under the influence to a greater or less extent of the Byzantine Empire. It will always remain a mystery how these conquests could have been so rapid and so vast. Fanaticism merely will not explain how Arabian sheikhs rose to the possession of that commanding talent which enabled them to overcome the armies of the Persians and the Byzantine Greeks. And, moreover, however fanatical the chiefs and the immediate followers of the Prophet may have been, it is nevertheless to be remembered that the soldiers, who were mainly Bedouins, were as little fanatical as many of the members of the ruling aristocracy of the Arabians. The explanation is in great part, doubtless, to be found in the sad condition of the Byzantine Empire. The "orthodox" Greeks were far from being regarded as brethren by the monophysite Syrians and Armenians. It was in the secret opposition, if not in the open hatred of the Eastern Christians to the Byzantine tyranny, that Mohammed and his successors found their chief support in their long career of conquest.

The first volume of Rossi's great work entitled "Inscriptiones Christiane Urbis Romæ septimo seculo antiquiores," has appeared at Rome. Gruter, in his *Thesaurus of ancient inscriptions*, was the first to attempt, in 1616, to separate systematically the Pagan and Christian inscriptions. The number of the latter becoming very large, Gori, in the following century, conceived the idea of collecting them in a special work. He did not live himself to execute his design, but it was revived in the course of the eighteenth century by several scholars, especially by Marini, who devoted a vast deal of labor to collecting the inscriptions of the first ten centuries. Cardinal Mai afterward turned his attention to the work and selected Rossi to execute it. A better choice could not have been made. He calls those Christian inscriptions "Quæ a Christianis religionis causâ positæ sunt," and takes as the limit in point of time the end of the sixth century. The number of the inscriptions amounts to fourteen thousand, of which the largest part, eleven thousand, belong to Rome and its vicinity within a circuit of thirty miles. The present volume contains only the dated mural inscriptions. The second is to contain selected inscriptions which serve to illustrate the early history of the Christian church. The third volume will display the rest of the Christian inscriptions in topographical order. In the preface the editor gives a short sketch of Christian epigraphy. And it is an interesting fact, which Mommsen as well as Rossi have now brought to light, that the oldest Latin collections of inscriptions were made under the influence of the studies pursued at the court of Charlemagne. The history of the manuscripts of the Latin classics shows the same thing to be true also with regard to them, the originals which we now have dating mostly from the time of Charlemagne.

M. Victor Hugo's recent volume, "William Shakespeare," does not appear to please the English critics, though they are compelled to allow it great merit. From what we have seen of it, in the shape of extracts, we judge it to be worthy of the author of "Les Misérables," and like that work rather extravagant in execution. It opens thus:

"Some twelve years ago, on an island off the coast of France, a house of melancholy aspect at all seasons was growing gloomier still by reason of the advancing winter. The west wind blowing there in the fullest freedom gathered in thicker folds round that dwelling the mists which November places between our earthly life and the sun. Night comes apace in autumn; and the smallness of the windows contributed to shorten the days and aggravated the twilight sadness of the house. . . . Those who dwelt in this habitation were a group—let us rather say a family. They were exiles. The eldest was one of those men who at a given moment are superfluous in their native land. He was leaving an assembly; the others, who were young, were leaving a prison. To have written, that is a sufficient motive for bolts and bars. Where should thought lead if not to a dungeon?"

"The prison had set them free into exile. The oldest, the father, had all his dear ones there with the exception of his eldest daughter, who had been unable to follow him. His son-in-law was with her. Often they leant round a table, or sat on a bench, silent, pensive, and musing together, though without communicating their thoughts on the two who were absent. . . . One morning, at the end of November, two of the inhabitants of this place, the father and the younger of the sons, were sitting in the parlor. They were silent, like shipwrecked men who are thinking. Out of doors it rained; the wind blew; the house was, as it were, deafened by the external rumbling. Both mused—absorbed perhaps by this coincidence of a beginning of winter and a beginning of exile. Suddenly the son lifted up his voice and interrogated the father. 'What do you think of this exile?' 'That it will be long.' 'How do you contemplate filling it?'

The father answered, 'I shall look at the ocean.' There was a short silence. The father resumed, 'And you?' 'I,' said the son, 'I shall translate Shakespeare.'

"In truth, there are ocean men. 'Those waves, that ebb and flow, that terrible come and go, that sound of every breath, those darknesses and transparencies, that vegetation of the abyss, that wild democracy of the storm in full hurricane, those eagles in the foam, those marvelous risings of the heavenly bodies reflected in one knows not what mysterious tumult by millions of luminous crests—the confused heads of the innumerable—those great wandering lightnings that seem to watch, those enormous sob, those looming monsters, those nights of darkness intersected by roarings, those furies, those frenzies, those tempests, those rocks, those wrecks, those fleets that hurtle together, those human thunders mingled with the thunders of God, that blood in the abyss; and then those graces, those softnesses, those festivals, those gay white sails, those fishing-boats, those songs in the tumult, those splendid ports, those smoke-wreaths of the earth, those towns on the horizon, that deep blue of the water and of the sky, that useful acridity, that bitterness which is the health of the universe, that brackish salt without which everything would rot, those rages and those appeasings, that all in one, the unexpected in the immutable, that great wonder of a monotony inexhaustibly varied, that plain level after that upheaving, that hell and paradise of the immensity in eternal motion, that infinite, that unfathomable—all this may be in a spirit, and then that spirit is called a genius, and you have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Juvenal, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, you have Shakespeare; and it is the same thing whether you contemplate these souls or contemplate the ocean.'

M. Hago is said to have received 50,000 francs for the volume, from the firm of Verboeckhoven & Co., of Brussels, and the right of property therein is to return to him at the end of two years.

Hans Christian Andersen hardly does his talents justice in his last work of travel, "In Spain," a translation of which has just appeared in England. Or, to speak more exactly, he is not so good a traveler as a story-teller. Indeed, the very qualities which make him incomparable in his special walk of letters, among which may be reckoned a more than child-like simplicity, unfit him to deal with any other than his own people and institutions. He is too old to learn, and should confine himself to what he already knows. He describes well, however, and his remarks on art are worth reading, as witness this paragraph concerning the pictures in the gallery at Madrid:

"From the exhibition we proceeded to the museum. The wealth of master works one finds here is astonishing—nay, overwhelming. Here are Raphael, Titian, Coreggio, Paul Veronese, Rubens; but before them all are Murillo and Velasquez. One should remain in this place more than a year and a day rightly to take in and appreciate all this magnificence. Here I first learned to know Velasquez, who was a cotemporary of Murillo. What art and genius has he not exhibited in bringing out the milk-white plain-looking Infantas, in the ridiculous costume of their time? They seem to be living and speaking, and take their place amidst the ranks of beauty, owing to the perfection with which they are painted, and the curious accessories surrounding them, such as male and female dwarfs, and ferocious-looking dogs of characteristic ugliness. The figures seem so entirely as if they were walking out of their frames, that one cannot doubt the story that a couple of those pictures, placed upon easels in Velasquez's studio, made people in the adjoining rooms fancy that the real persons were there. Such a magic effect is particularly remarkable in one painting; it is a composition—the celebrated relater of fables, Æsop; after having seen the picture Velasquez has given of him, we could never think of Æsop under any other appearance. Philip IV., King of Spain, who was a friend and admirer of Velasquez, bestowed on him the rank of chamberlain, and adorned his breast with the most distinguished orders of the country. There are no less than ten pictures of Raphael's here, and among them one of his most celebrated, 'The Bearing of the Cross,' next to it comes 'The Holy Family,' that picture to which Philip IV. gave the name of 'The Pearl,' but this appellation does not suit it, for it is the least admirable of all Raphael's works, or, indeed, of the masterpieces that are to be found here. Better than Raphael, better than Titian, better than all here, I like Murillo. His heavenly Madonna, surrounded by angels, is so perfect, so full of inspiration, that one might fancy he had beheld her in some celestial revelation. There is such superhuman purity and innocence in the eyes of the Virgin Mary, such grace and infantine simplicity in the angels floating around her, that one feels a sensation of happiness, as if it were permitted to us to behold a glimpse of holier worlds. Another, a smaller picture, also an admirable work, is the child Jesus, with a lamb and a shepherd's crook; there is in this picture such an expression of confidence, united to such charming childish innocence, that one feels a strong desire to kiss its lips and its eyes. One more work of Murillo's I must mention, it is so charmingly conceived and so beautifully executed; it represents a little domestic scene: a young mother sits and winds yarn, her husband holds the child who is raising a little bird high in the air, whilst a little dog shows its cleverness by sitting on his hind legs and giving his paw."

The person who writes letters from New York to one of the London papers, under the signature of "Manhattan," has just had a novel reprinted, which is now running the gantlet of the critics. Its title is "Marion," and its general characteristic—beastliness. "Whoever 'Manhattan' may be," says the *Reader*, "it is fortunate for England that he is not an Englishman. A British fleet, suddenly sailing to New York and bombarding the city, could scarcely be a more decided *casus belli* than the projection of these volumes upon American sensibilities." We have a great respect for the *Reader* in general, but in this instance we must smile at its folly. There was a time when the American people were sensitive as to what was thought and said of them by the English, but we believe it is past. There are still Englishmen, of course, for whose opinions, favorable or the reverse, we care; but they do not represent the majority of their countrymen, and certainly not the higher classes. For persons of the "Manhattan" stamp, whether of home-manufacture or foreign importation, we are too much occupied just at present even to notice them. A proof of this is the novel in question, which was originally published in New York, where it was anything but the *casus belli* which the *Reader* supposes it will be. Our sensibilities were not wounded, for few of us knew anything about the book, and those who did were merely disgusted at its indecency. We did not think it worth our while, at any rate, to devote a column or two, as the *Reader* has done, to criticising it as literature. We should as soon think of criticising *Bell's Life* or the "Newgate Calendar." As few of our readers are likely to see the *Reader*, and none, we trust, the work of which it speaks, we will copy its summing up:

"It must be said for the author, however, that, if he makes his bad characters agreeable in life, he brings them generally to an

untimely end. One dies from injuries received from a man whose sister he has insulted at the theatre; a second is knocked down by a friend after leaving a gambling-house, with a supposititious large sum of money; a third dies of *delirium tremens*; one runs away and is never more heard of; one or two run away and are heard of more than need be; nearly everybody, in fact, comes to grief, except the hero of the story and Clara Norris, who, being about the most depraved person in the book, settles down eventually upon her own property, and moralizes upon the wickedness of the world. Several of the characters reform to a certain extent—that is to say, they leave off their bad ways when they become unprofitable—but it by no means follows that they fare better in consequence. Indeed, in one or two cases, the result is decidedly the reverse. One of the chief charms of the work, in fact, is the apparent unconsciousness of the author that there is anything objectionable in the events he narrates or the persons who enact them. That he gives a preference to morality must be admitted; but his tolerance is so large as to make room for a great many weaknesses against which a conventional prejudice exists. And, apart from the morals of the *dramatis personæ*, their manners are calculated to astonish the weak minds of mere Britishers. We never read a book in which so much miscellaneous refreshment was consumed as in the course of these three volumes. Everybody 'liquors up' upon all occasions, and about half of the scenes and conversations take place in 'bars.' In describing such matters, too, the author is artist enough to use appropriate language—describing one gentleman as doing something 'on his own hook,' and another as drinking something 'to his own cheek.' These would be startling expressions in most books, but here they seem quite natural. For the rest, the work has little in common with an ordinary novel. It has no sustained story; but is rather a succession of scenes and adventures in which the same persons are engaged. But it has decided interest, and the persons are real persons, obviously drawn from life. There is not the smallest sign of book-making apparent in all the pages, which contain material enough for half-a-dozen ordinary works of fiction, in which the usual elaboration would be brought to bear. The author's style, rough and ready as it is, has at least the merit of being direct and forcible—of saying a thing as if by the author meant it, and describing a thing as if it was true. No book written with such advantages could be unreadable; and, whatever objections may be made to 'Marion,' there can be none on that score.

The annual report of the Camden Society, which was established in 1838, and so called from "Camden, the Nourice of Antiquities," shows that the financial condition of the society is flourishing. A number of its most prominent members died during the past year, as the Rev. J. Adcock, Lord Bagot, W. Bird, Esq., B. Botfield, Esq., M.P., H. Brandreth, Esq., G. R. Corner, Esq., Lord Lyndhurst, LL.D., J. B. Nichols, Esq., A. Paget, Esq., J. Parkes, Esq., W. Salt, Esq., W. Tooke, Esq., and the Rev. G. Wright. The following works are in preparation: a volume of the "Camden Miscellany," containing Five Letters of King Charles the Second, communicated by the Marquis of Bristol, President of the Camden Society; Letter of the Council to Sir Thomas Lake, relating to the proceedings of Sir Edward Coke at Oatlands; and Documents relating to Sir Walter Raleigh's last Voyage; a Catalogue of Early English Miscellanies, formerly in the Harleian Library, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt, Esq.; Letters selected from the Collection of Autographs in the possession of William Tite, Esq., M.P.; Sir Francis Drake's Memorable Service done against the Spaniards in 1587, written by Robert Leng, Gentleman, one of his coadventurers and fellow-soldiers, edited by Clarence Hopper, Esq.; Inquiry into the Genuineness of a Letter dated February 3, 1613, and signed "Mary Magdalene Davers." The following work has been recently added to the list of suggested publications: "List of Persons who compounded for not taking up Knighthood at the Coronation of Charles the First.

The private library of the late Mr. J. Bowyer Nichols, an eminent printer and antiquary, was recently sold at auction in England. It was one of the richest in works connected with English antiquities and topography that have been brought to the hammer during the last fifty years. It also contained a large number of privately printed works, and ninety-two folio volumes of topographical drawings by celebrated artists, arranged under counties, not to mention prints and drawings, the latter alone of which numbered some 6,600. The prices in most cases were large.

A late number of the *Athenæum* contains a review of Mr. Charles G. Leland's translation of Heine's "Songs," which, in the main, is favorable. It concludes thus:

"We must do Mr. Leland the justice to say that he seems thoroughly to understand the meaning of his author,—that he has always endeavored to follow the original meter, rhyming where Heine rhymes. But we question whether his ear for verse is sufficiently refined to convey to the English reader a notion of the fascination exercised by a poet, in whom what is culpable is notoriously easy to be found. Perhaps had it been more so he would have doubted the expediency of translating the whole 'Book of Songs.' A few scraps of translated Heine may do very well for a periodical, but a whole volume of his effusions, in a tongue other than his own, must necessarily be somewhat dreary. What would folks do with a complete English translation of Martial's 'Epigrams,' even if we suppose that those not void of offense were expunged?"

A recent translation of a collection of Icelandic legends contains, among other curiosities of fairy lore, the following pretty little tale:

"Near a certain farm, long ago, three children were playing on a grassy mound, a little girl and two boys. After they had played for some time, the girl, who was the youngest of them, found a deep hole in the ground, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Stooping down she thrust her hand into it, and, shutting her eyes, cried out in fun, 'Put something in the palm of an old beggar, and old beggar shall not see.' No sooner had she said the words than a large silver button was placed in her hand. When the other children saw her good luck they were fit to burst with envy, and the eldest of them, stooping down, thrust his hand into the hole too, and said, 'Put something into the hand of an old beggar, and old beggar shall not see,' for he hoped to get something at least as good as the little girl had got, if not better, indeed. But no! Far from it. When he drew his hand out again, he only found he had lost the use of it, and, what was more, never recovered it again. For the elf, who hated envy more than anything in the world, had given it a squeeze."

General Radowitz, a German collector, who died recently, left a

large collection of autographs, in which most of the great men of the last four centuries are represented. The following are some of its rarities: Two pages written by Johannes Huss, and autographs of Louis XI. of France and his daughter Anne, of Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius), and King Emanuel, of Portugal, from the year 1498. The autographs of the period of the Reformation include some of Sebastian Brandt, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Konrad Pentinger, Agricola, Ulrich von Hutten, Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, and their chief opponents Cochleus, Faber, Hogstraeten, etc. Of German emperors there is none missing from Max to Francis. It further includes all the rulers of France (including the Napoleons) from the days of Louis XI., and all the sovereigns of England from Elizabeth to Victoria. Of German warriors of the period we have Gotz von Berlichingen, as well as Franz von Sickingen. The Thirty Years' War is represented by Wallenstein, Tilly, Piccolomini. Again, we have Napoleon's generals, both of the Republic and the Empire, and the heroes of the "Wars of Liberation." Among statesmen are to be found Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, in America; Richelieu, Mazarin, Sully, Colbert, Louvois, Choiseul, Turgot, Danton, Robespierre, Marat, etc., etc. German national literature is represented by 367 names, among which are the most eminent. There are, farther, 253 historians, 245 jurists and journalists, 219 philologists, 149 philosophers, 443 theologians, 96 painters, 111 musicians, 50 singers and actors, 31 political orators. Besides these there are 34 autographs of celebrated or renowned women, 16 great bankers, headed by Rothschild, and 4 extraordinary criminals. There are altogether 30,000 MSS.

Shakespeare's relation to music forms the subject of an essay in the Vienna *Revue*, from which we extract the following items: Instrumental music is found in connection with Shakespeare's works in the dead march (act i., scene 1) of "Henry IV.," farther, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Tempest," in "Henry VIII." (act i., scene 1) and "As You Like It" (act v., scene 4). No less frequently does vocal music occur. Witness the songs of Ophelia, the duet between Guiderius and Arviragus in "Cymbeline," the song in "Much Ado About Nothing," those in "As You Like It," the duet in "The Merchant of Venice" (act iii., scene 2), etc. That Shakespearean pieces have been used as librettos for operas is well known—e. g., "Romeo and Juliet," by Zingarelli, Vaccai, and Bellini; "Othello," by Rossini; "Macbeth," by Chelard, Verdi, and Taubert; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, Ballo ("Falstaff"), Adam, and previously by Salieri ("Falstaff o le tre burle"); "Coriolanus," by Nicolini; "Hamlet," by Buzzola (even as a ballet!); "The Tempest," by Reichardt, Zumsteg, Jullien, Sullivan. Besides these, there were composed "musics" to "Macbeth" by Locke (1657); and choruses to the same by Gallus. Arne (1750) wrote music to "The Merchant of Venice" and "Tempest," Mendelssohn to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Taubert to the "Tempest," Tausch and André to "As You Like It." Of orchestral works founded on Shakespeare we mention "Romeo and Juliet," a dramatic symphony, by H. Berlioz; overtures to the same by Steibelt and Ilinski. There are overtures to "Hamlet" by Gade, Liszt, and Joachim, and a march by Pierson. To the "Tempest" overtures have been written by Rietz, Hager, and Viërdot, to "Macbeth" by Spohr and Pearsall, for "King Lear" by Berlioz, for "Julius Cæsar" by Schumann, for the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" by Street, for "King John" by Radecke, for "Coriolanus" by B. A. Weber (Beethoven's overture of the same title was intended for Collins's piece), for "Othello" by C. Müller, etc. Entr'actes and "battle-music" to several of the pieces were done by Emil Tittl, and Kuhlau, finally, denominated an overture, "William Shakespeare."

The Tercentenary of the death of Calvin was celebrated on the 27th of May, at Geneva. The report of the proceedings has not reached us, but at the last accounts it was proposed to build a large hall, to be called the Hall of the Reformation, capable of accommodating 2,000 persons; with lesser ones for schools, besides a library containing the works and portraits of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Melancthon, Knox, and Cranmer. The people of Geneva are said to have contributed one hundred thousand francs for the purpose; a site has also been purchased for sixty-five thousand francs, in a central location, near the lake and the Hotel de Metropole. The hall, should there be one built, is to have this inscription in French:

"Erected as a testimony of gratitude to God, who gave to Geneva, and the Church throughout the world, the great Reformer

JOHN CALVIN.

"Let us ever ascribe honor to those persons who excel in the fear of God, but on condition that God remains above all, and that Christ reign supreme."—Calvin.

And somewhere in the interior this Latin inscription:

"Deo immortalis invisibili
Regi Sæculorum
Misericordis et elementis
Patri, Filio et Spiritu Sancto
Qui
Johannem Calvinum
Verbi divini interpretem,
doctrinæ evangelicæ restitutorem
Ecclesiæ christianæ reformatorem
Luminis sanctitatis, recti, ordinis toto orbe
Dei numine propagatorem
Christi crucifixi regnantisque in æternum
fidelissimum cultorem.
e Gallia suscitavit
Genevæ ceterisque gentibus donavit
Gratias et impensas agunt
et memores huiusmodi monumentum
die xxvii. Maii, mdcclxiv.
Mortis Calvini tercentis annis
communi consilio
erexerunt
Evangelici Christiani Geneveses
aliique ex Helveticorum pagis
ex Anglia, Scotia, Hibernia, Gallia, Batavia,
Germania, America.
Deo soli gloria."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. HARPER BROTHERS have in the press "Gilbert Ruggie," by the author of "A First Friendship;" "Recollections of Mr. Grantly Berkley;" and "Gabrielle."

Mr. G. W. Carleton will shortly publish "Zoe's Brand," by the author of "Recommended to Mercy;" "Margaret Denzil's History;" "A Woman's Philosophy of Woman;" "Nearer and Dearer;" and a new novel by the author of "Rutledge."

Messrs. Follett, Foster & Co. announce "John Greswold" by the author of "Paul Ferroll;" and "From Pillar to Post."

Mr. W. H. Appleton has in preparation a series of juveniles, entitled "Modern American Heroes, Military and Naval; their Lives and Exploits," by the Rev. P. C. Headley, and to consist of "The Hero Boy; being the Life and Deeds of Lieut.-General Ulysses S. Grant;" "The Errand Boy; being the Life and Deeds of General O. M. Mitchell," and biographies of Commodores A. H. Foote, W. D. Porter, etc.

Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers have nearly ready "Human Sadness," by the Countess de Gasparin; "The Cripple of Antioch," by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family;" "Altar Incense," by the Rev. Dr. Macduff; "Good for Evil, and others short stories," by A. L. O. E.; and the third and fourth volumes of D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin."

Mr. D. Van Nostrand will soon publish "The Peninsular Campaign and its Antecedents, as developed by the Report of Major-General George B. McClellan," by J. G. Barnard, Lieut.-Col. of Engineers, etc.; "Osborn's Handbook of the U. S. Navy;" "Treatise on Grand Military Operations," illustrated by a critical and military history of the Wars of Frederick the Great," by Baron de Jomini, translated from the French by Col. S. B. Holabird, A.D.C., U. S. Army; and "European Ordnance and Iron-clad Defenses," by Alex. L. Holley, B.P., author of "American and European Railway Practice."

Mr. J. G. Gregory has in the press "The Monomaniac, or Shirley Hall Asylum," a novel, by William Gilbert.

Mr. F. Leypoldt announces "Poems, with translations from the German of Giebel and others," by Lucy Hamilton Hooper; "Obstinacy, or Who shall Yield?" a comedy, from the German of Benedix; and "Christus Judex," a tale.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will soon publish "Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time," by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family;" "Customs of Service, for non-commissioned officers and soldiers, as derived from Laws and Regulations, and practiced in the Army of the United States," by Brigadier-General August V. Kautz, U.S.A.; "Congdon's Military Compendium," and "The Life and Campaigns of Major-General George B. McClellan, U.S.A.," by George S. Hillard.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., have in preparation the Government edition of "The Laws of the United States, passed at the First Session of the Thirty-eighth Congress;" "A Treatise on the Law of Mortgages," by Francis Hilliard; "A Treatise on the Law of Real Property," by Emory Washburn; "A Practical Treatise on the Law of Wills," by Isaac F. Fowler, LL.D.; "Commentaries on Criminal Procedure," by Joel Prentiss Bishop; "United States Annual Digest for 1861," by H. Farnham Smith; "Pleading and Practice of the High Court of Chancery," by Edmund B. Daniel; and "American Railway Cases," vol. iii., by Chauncey Smith, and S. W. Bates, Esqs., Counselors-at-Law.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard will shortly publish "The Gold Hunter's Adventures, or Life in Australia;" "Little Prudy's Sister Susie," by Sophie May; and "Talks on Women's Topics," by Jennie June.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton have nearly ready "Broken Lights: an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith," by Frances Power Cobbe.

Mr. Augustus O'Brien has recently published a volume illustrative of his residence in Russia and Poland in 1863-4, under the title of "Petersburg and Warsaw."

Mr. S. Smith has just issued a volume of travel, entitled "What I saw in Syria, Palestine, and Greece."

The Rev. Robert Steel publishes "Burning and Shining Lights: or, Memoirs of Eminent Ministers of Christ."

Mr. Charles Babbage has two new works in the press, "Remarks on Street Nuisances" and "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher."

The Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., will at once publish "The Christ of the Gospels Compared with the Christ of Modern Criticism: a Series of Lectures on Renan's 'Vie de Jésus.'"

Mr. Charles Allston Collins has a new novel in the press, entitled "Strathcain."

The Hon. Auberon Herbert will shortly publish "The Danes in Camp: Letters from Sonderborg."

Mr. J. R. Andrews has recently published a biography, entitled "George Whitefield; or, Light Rising in Obscurity."

Mr. A. Gallenga, the correspondent of the *Times*, better known as Signor Mariotti, has in the press a "Narrative of the Invasion of Denmark in 1864."

Colonel Walter Campbell has recently published an entertaining addition to sporting literature, under the title of "My Indian Journal."

The Rev. F. D. Maurice has just published a letter to the Lord Bishop of London, in reference to the controversy on the future state of sinners. Its title is "What Message have the Clergy to the People of England?"

A Mr. Harry W. Wetton, of whom we know nothing, has been rash enough to write and publish "The Termination of the Sixteenth Canto of Lord Byron's Don Juan."

Mr. R. Arthur Arnold will shortly publish a "History of the Cotton Famine from the Fall of Sumter to the passing of the Public Works Act, 1863."

Miss Anna Thackeray's "Story of Elizabeth" has been translated into Dutch, and published at Amsterdam.

The latest French books announced are: Weill, "Les Livres de Dieu: Moïse et le Talmud," a new edition of Salvador's "Histoire du Christianisme;" Alex. de Clercq, "Recueil général des Traités conclus par la France avec les Puissances Etrangères depuis 1713 jusqu'à nos jours;" Baron de Testa, "Recueil des Traités conclus par la Porte Ottomane avec les Puissances Etrangères depuis les premières capitulations jusqu'à nos jours;" Capefigue, "Les Héroïnes de la Ligue et les Mignons de Henri III.;" Lescure, "Les Amours de Henri IV.;" and, farther, new novels by Lavergne, "La Famille de Marsal;" by Aimard, "Le Cœur de Pierre," and "Les Guaranis;" Gonzales, "Les Saboteurs de la Forêt Noire;" Paul, "Les Finesses de Dargenson;" "Fictions et Réalités Polonaises;" "Les Menaces du Printemps;" "L'Esprit de la rue Neuve Saint-Paul: Révélation sur des Faits Surnaturels, par Vert-Vert."

We record the following new German pamphlets on the American question: Stiger, "Hurrah für die Union! eine Widerlegung der Vertheidigung der Südstaaten von J. Williams;" "Ist die Auswanderung nach den Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerikas unter den jetzigen Verhältnissen anzurathen?" "Nieder mit der Sklaverei!" "Die Nord- und Südländer der Vereinigten Staaten Amerikas;" "Die Rechtfertigung der Nordstaaten in dem jetzigen Kampfe mit den Südstaaten der Amerikanischen Union;" Tautphöus, "Unsere, oder Krieg im Krieg;" Sihler, "Die Sklaverei im Lichte der Heil. Schrift betrachtet: herausgegeben von A. Schlitt."

PERSONAL.

Mr. N. P. WILLIS, who, we are sorry to say, is not in good health, writes as follows in the *Home Journal*:

"My long struggle with diseased lungs, though it leaves unimpaired (I believe) the fluency of my editorial quill, has left me with a certain diphtherial sensitiveness, which spoils me altogether for a speaker. In the midst of an address, and, oftener still, in the course of conversation with a friend, my voice becomes inarticulate or is reduced to a whisper—the few minutes of effort at extrication and better utterance being of course most embarrassing. Otherwise quite well, I seem to have lost the control over my articulation; and you can scarce be aware how awkwardly this sometimes leaves the sentence unfinished for only one listener, or how much more awkward, oftener still, is my unexplained withdrawal from an audience. I, naturally, rather decline the uncertain effort of such an address altogether."

Mr. Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," is said to be writing a work on "The Poor Whites of the South."

Mr. J. R. Osgood and Mr. Howard M. Ticknor have lately been taken into the firm of Ticknor & Fields, which will be conducted under the old name. Both those gentlemen are thoroughly conversant with the details of the business, having been with the old house for a number of years past.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, who is understood to be writing a new novel, is at present in the western part of the state, where he is to give some eight or ten lectures.

Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatist, lately produced a drama entitled "Mystery and Morality," the object of which was to satirize the "sensation" writing of the day, particularly that of the drama, which he, by the way, has done all that he could to foster. It was a dull affair, and was not successful.

Mr. Charles Dickens is said to receive £12,000 from his publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, for his new serial, "Our Mutual Friend," £6,000 on the publication of the first number, and the remainder on the completion of the work. The phrase "our mutual friend," which has so bothered the English grammarians, will be explained, we are told, in the ninth chapter.

Lord Palmerston has become the President of the South of England Literary and Philosophical Society, which has been established in connection with the Hartley Institute at Southampton.

M. Adolphe Garnier, Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, died recently at Paris. He was a member of the French Academy, and chiefly known by his work, "Traité sur les Facultés de l'Âme."

Marshal Vaillant has laid a report of M. Victor Place's excavations in Nineveh before the Emperor, asking at the same time for a grant of 10,000 francs for the purpose of publishing a description of these archaeological discoveries. M. Place's investigations seem to have yielded unexpectedly happy results. He has fixed the exact circumference, the different buildings, and partly even the inner arrangements of the ancient Khorsabad Palace. The wall around it was seven feet thick, and had 150 towers. M. Place has farther laid bare the seven enormous gates which led from the castle into the town. Three of these gates formed triumphal arches adorned with sculptures and polychrome tiles. By the aid of these gates M. Place has also been able to determine the site of the streets, etc.

Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, Professor of Art-History in Zurich, and one of the ablest art-critics in Germany, has followed up his history of architecture by the first part of his "Geschichte der Plastik von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart." It begins with a sketch of the art of India, of which it is agreed that we have no example earlier than the third century before Christ. The author then passes to the Egyptian art, and from that to the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian. The really valuable part of the book, however, begins with the chapter in which the comparison is undertaken between the oldest art of the Greeks and that of the other nations dwelling around the Mediterranean, especially in Italy and Asia Minor. The affinities of speech, it is shown, had a great deal to do with the community of art, and the many characteristics of works of art common to all prove also the frequent intercourse between the Asiatics and the Greeks. With Dr. Lübke's criticism, however, upon the celebrated Gate of Lions at Mycenæ, few who have seen that relic of the early Greek art high upon the hill whence Agamemnon descended from his rude palace to the wars of Troy will perhaps agree. Even excepting the bass-reliefs of Sipulus, he does not consider it the only monumental work of its sort, since similar ancient reliefs have been found at Thasos. The sight of a

cast of it, he maintains, only confirms the original opinion of Thiersch, that it is but an imitation of a wooden gate—not at all an emblem of protecting Apollo. The Greek and Roman art is very fully treated, but the studies of the author having lain for the most part in the mediæval art, we are not surprised to find him in many respects inferior to the very able scholars who have done so much to elucidate the classic period. There was undoubtedly a connection between the oldest Greek and Asiatic art, as is indicated by the oriental faces on ancient Greek vases, but that the ancestors of the Greeks had the same features with those of the races depicted upon the slabs of Nineveh is altogether too arbitrary a conclusion. The present volume treats also of the early Christian, the Byzantine, and Gothic art. The second part, which will bring the author into fields with which he has long been familiar, will be looked for with interest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, June, 1864.

THE incidental tribute that Mr. Ludlow paid to the memory of Starr King in the last *Atlantic* finds a response in many quarters. There were others for whom California had lost its soul by his death, besides the artist and adventurer, who had been compelled to make their visit to the Yo-Semite without his sweet spirit in company. "At noon or in dreams," says his friend, "that balmy land will never more be the paradise it once was to us." The newspapers from San Francisco came to us a few weeks ago laden with accounts of the way that the mournful sentiments of that community had been stirred as they had never been before. It was after our own papers had passed on to newer records of the world's history, the telegraphic tidings having evoked their sympathy at the very hour almost of his loss. It was like a fresh breaking out of a wound in the spirit. In our rapid whirl of events this again fell behind, when we were told that the friend whom we have quoted contemplated the substantial tribute to his memory of a biography, but he gave over the pleasure at the instance of those interested in the executorship of his affairs; while, as if the thought was too dear to be abandoned, he uttered his feeling in the casual manner I have indicated.

It is well known that Mr. King was primarily identified with the Universalist sect, and it is not apparent that he felt a marked change of opinion when he assumed the pastorate of the Unitarian church in Hollis street. With the growth of his mind there were doubtless new phases that colored somewhat differently his faith, but I suspect for essentials he clung to the points of the two communions upon which those sects could unite. He had found converse equally happy, it would appear, with Ballou as with Channing, and from Dr. Walker, the late President of Harvard, he learned the processes of deductive thought which served him in the future. His was, through life, a very busy mind, and almost every stage of development was marked with the record of his progress in type. It would be surprising, had he been spared to collect his writings, if he had not determined that much of this experimental writing was unapproved by his more experienced judgment, and that stand-points that he once held firmly by he would willingly acknowledge were shifted by the lapse of time. Hence it doubtless was that those intrusted with the disposition of his authorial remains have wished that whatever is hereafter to bear his name should pass under their eyes, as the ones chosen by himself to make his record right before the world. Mr. King had, it seems, contributed at times, and chiefly, I should judge from the contents of the volume before me, entitled "Patriotism and other Papers," during his earlier career in the ministry, to certain periodicals copyrighted by the late Abel Tompkins, for many years known as the publisher of the Universalists in this city. That this gentleman's representatives in business infringe upon any absolute rights of others in making the present collection is not apparent, although the public is given to understand that the publication has taken place against the expressed wish of Mr. King's literary executors. With no more than is made public on the point, it is not certain that the present publishers have done anything more than strict business usages would allow. To have resigned their property without an equivalent can hardly be expected of a house engaged in so hazardous a trade as bookselling, and it is very fair to infer that the offer of an equivalent in their estimation on the part of the executors since would have closed the case on mercantile grounds. Yet it is undeniably true that the sympathy of the public will in some measure remain with the representatives of the author, for it is an old prejudice that the writer is always a sufferer in the hands of his publisher. There is fairness, too, in the claim that an author should decide upon the conditioning of his own works; but whatever may be acceptable on general grounds is of course open to independent interpretation in particular instances.

The question whether the present volume conduces to enhance Mr. King's reputation is the one which will entirely concern posterity, and I fear that those who have formed their notions of Mr. King from a wide-spread reputation which has been farthered wonderfully by the winning personality of the man, or from the enthusiasm of friends, will not escape disappointment; and yet it may be without good reason. "The great work laid upon his two-score years is done and well done," said Whittier in commemoration of him; and that work was in the perfection of character, and the rounding of his life into forms, that left the chief attraction to his personality more than in any peculiar force or beauty of his writings. One gets the idea in reading these papers that his mind lived in a struggle for enlightenment, and such a belief is doubtless just. He conned facts, whether in the material world or within the confines of psychological mystery. He loved to delve into the great problems of humanity. He examined in every direction the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Without collegiate training, he put himself to the learning of languages for the help they gave him. He went to Plato earnestly. "To him belongs the honor of first placing the idea of immortality on a rational basis," he says; "to him alone, throughout the ranks of the ancient philo-

sophers, is due the praise of holding to it firmly as the only solution to the mysteries of our moral nature, and the ever present sanction of the moral law." And the way in which he engaged in this interpretation of this father of philosophy was characteristic. After stating the wide diversity of explanation of his teachings, which had come from different commentators, owing to impulse or training, and that he had hardly found two of them to agree, he concludes that the trouble has generally arisen from a false or too rash method of interpretation. "It is a hopeless task to extort the meaning of poetry by logic," he says. "The Platonic myths and stories are often contradictory with each other, embracing materials which it is impossible to harmonize by verbal criticism, and thus, our only method is a poetic abandonment of mind to the influence of the pictures, rather than a microscopic analysis of words." He believes in abstractions, or their worth, when tested, and holds that, if we study life aright, we shall never sneer at speculative or ideal principles as visionary and unreal. "If they are false," he adds, "they are unsubstantial as the coruscations in the northern sky; if true, they are permanent—omnipotent as God."

These are among the main points upon which most of the papers in this volume turn—the recognition of idealism in its relation to truth, and the inadequacy of reason independent of sentiment in completely enabling us to gauge the results.

"We stand,
Adore, and worship when we know it not,
Pious beyond the intention of our thought,
Devout above the meaning of our will."

It is the responsiveness of ourselves in regard to beauty that makes its efficacy, as he holds with many who have studied its subtle relations. "We receive but what we give" is Coleridge's canon, and the illustrations of it are found in every quarter.

Mr. King was so impressed with the truth of this, that, besides using it as a postulate in much of his writing, he made it the occasion of the work by which, as an author, he has probably been most widely known. Early in his career, in the interval of relaxation from his pastoral labors, he began a habit of visiting the White Hills, which he kept up for years, until his removal to the Pacific opened to him the opportunity of a like communion with the mountains in the Sierra Nevada and the Yo-Semite. We all remember the letters that came from him soon upon his settlement in that country, and after he had taken the earliest opportunity to make himself acquainted with its scenery; and as we read them in one of our evening prints, the thought was indulged that the majestic sublimity of that distant land might yet be presented to us with the same guidance to appreciation that he had bestowed upon the mountains of New Hampshire. Had not the exigencies of the time required his patriotic endeavors at his post of duties, Mr. Ludlow tells us Mr. King would have accompanied his party on their exploration of that remarkable scenery, and a seven weeks' sojourn in that astounding valley could not have failed to produce effects to be treasured.

The book alluded to, "The White Hills, their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry," has been before the public for four or five years, and has, I have no doubt, contributed largely to the interest of the scenes it describes, as its large sales have shown it a pretty general companion of tourists in that region. The publishers (Crosby & Nichols) have just prepared a new impression for the visitors of the mountains the present summer. The drawings which Mr. Wheelock made to illustrate it have not in every case been finely engraved, but they add greatly on the whole, nevertheless, to the suggestiveness of the book. The artist himself has given too much attention to the effect of color in his professional career to understand fully, perhaps, the significance of simple monochrome form; and in landscape, particularly in mountain scenery, so much is due to the permanence as well as evanescence of tone, that all representations in black and white utterly fail except as mere memoranda; while as such they have their value, both as tests of reminiscence to those who have studied the ground, and as guides to appreciation in the novice. Mr. King says he wrote the book to help persons appreciate the landscape more adequately, and from feeling and observation he was fitted for the task. The volume is very different from an ordinary guide-book, and not so much tells you what to see as how to see, and, above all, inculcates a lingering upon the scene, and study of its forms under all the variations of atmospheric and solar effects. This is a condition of enjoyment often enough, indeed, insisted upon, but with the great mass of tourists with little success. The old prescribed routes are too often gone over with the utmost rapidity, and with the feeling that everything is seen worth the seeing. Take the man who knows the quality of stearine or the grades of skivers, and who is confident in his knowledge because he entered upon the business at fifteen, and has purchased experience by practice till middle age, and he will scorn the artist who undertakes to question his business judgment. The summer comes, and this same man takes his family to the mountains. His clergyman, perhaps, who has beguiled his hours of labor with intervals of intercourse with nature and her friends the artists, hears of his intention, gives him some little advice upon the route, the hours of observation, notes for him some few significant effects that he would do well to remember, lends him a volume of Ruskin possibly, or intimates a poem or two that he would do well to take along. His dutiful parishioner is doubtless very thankful, but he goes his way, undisturbed by all such intimations, fortified by stearine and skivers, and feeling very certain that he has got a pair of eyes capable of seeing as well as his adviser, and not at all suspicious that they can't see quite as well, and what they fail to see is without question well enough omitted. The confidence of the man, acquired from business success, will not allow him to infer that experience can be of service in other respects as well as in the inspecting of fats and skins; that an artist or his companion may have spent as many years in his walk as the merchant in his, and the natural conclusion is, he knows a great deal more about it, and occupies the vantage ground that experience always gives. A single jaunt in a summer month throws every one into the company of a score such self-sufficient people, who carry the convictions with which they fill the office of director of the Hide and Leather Bank, or some other

equally respectable institution, into their intercourse with the mountains. They rush along the route, and turn a deaf ear to the advice that a short trip, leisurely taken, is more productive than a long one on the run, and wonder frigidly at a waste of mile privileges.

It was to rectify something of this, and doubtless feeling from his own experience the need of it, that induced Mr. King to bestow the care he did upon the volume on hand. The book doubtless falls into the hands of many who fail to extract its value, but it may at the same time reach the wiser few who have come to the conclusion that there is other education for the eye and sense than what comes from stearine and skivers. They can well understand that Wordsworth did not write wildly and merely rhyme when he said,

"Imagination needs must stir;
Dear maid, this truth believe:
Minds that have nothing to confer,
Find little to perceive."

To have something to confer (and so to make good the barter which the man of trade ought to understand) comes of this very education of the senses which Mr. King strives, and not, I think, fruitlessly, to effect. "As soon, therefore," he adds, "as we become educated to see, and just in proportion to our skill in seeing, we get joy. The truly cultivated perception is chiefly conditioned by the recovery of the innocence of the eye, so that perpetual surprise and enthusiasm are signs of healthy and tutored taste." It is no small debt that a man who has the will but not the practice of observation of scenery owes to one who takes the pains to lead him carefully to the coveted position. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June, 1864.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Louis Napoleon is familiar enough with the English language to read in the original a little work published by W. S. & A. Martien, entitled "Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World, and the Battle of Armageddon." The author is Rev. Mr. Baxter, and signs himself "late missionary of the Episcopal Church at Onondaga, Canada West." During the last few weeks he has been carrying on his missionary work in this city, in the form of street preaching, very much to the edification of ragged urchins in shorts, and equally as much to the disgust of in-door worshippers and policemen. The book is by no means pleasant reading even for summer. No one would ever be lured to sleep over it on the hottest day in June. It deals in boasts with numerous horns and multitudinous heads, portrays Napoleon as the personal Antichrist and a monster of cruelty, figures him as outdoing the Roman emperors in slaughtering Christians, and brings the world to an end in just eight years from this time. The Emperor of the French might laugh over it. Mr. Baxter has left the laugh wholly on his side; but a good Christian that contemplates the possibility of his body being used to light the gardens of this last Nero would be more likely to express his astonishment in other and different ways. Meanwhile, the three years and a half in which Napoleon is to remain supreme, and the battle of Armageddon in which he is to be slain, are coming on. According to Mr. Baxter, we have not long to wait for the fore-runners of these great events, as they are advertised to appear in 1864 or 1865. I understand that the second edition of this book has been printed, and over 12,000 copies sold. They are bought mostly by dwellers in the border states, who, on the neutral ground between the Union and Confederate sentiments, look upon the French occupation of Mexico as the beginning of the fulfillment of the prophecy.

It is a matter of deep regret that this city, with a population nearly as large as that of New York, cannot sustain a responsible and dignified daily paper. The *Press*, the *Age*, the *Enquirer*, and others—each has quite an extensive circulation, but no one of them rises to the position that it seems the inhabitants of so large and flourishing a city would demand, or attains the importance of being the exponent of any particular party or sect. Especially in a daily paper that has a large circulation do we demand dignity of mind and expression. Look at the following extract from the *Age*. Speaking concerning the convention of the Episcopal Church lately held at Pittsburg, it calls Rev. Dr. Goodwin, formerly President of Trinity College at Hartford, and now Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, "one of the most recent importations made by our institutions of learning from the New England States, brought hither to teach our Pennsylvania young men bad English, worse rhetoric, ethical heresies, and the doctrine of Protection." Extracts like this may be made almost daily from its columns. The literary department of the *Press* is, without any doubt, the best conducted in the city, and professes to be as near infallibility as any can. It is quite amusing to see with what eager eyes Dr. Mackenzie, who has the control of this department, watches for any slip or mistake in regard to a literary or personal item, and with what eager delight he calls the offender to account. But a few days since he gave up nearly a column to a rebuke of one or two leading periodicals that in sad ignorance prefixed an Honorable to the names individually of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden. Looking at the literary notes of the *Press* in the same pure light in which they profess to be written, one cannot but be interested in the following. Speaking of Capt. Samuel Fiske—"Dunn Browne" of the *Springfield Republican*—in whose early death the country has lost a gallant officer and a noble man, it says: "As a literary man, among the most striking of his efforts was the translation of 'Eschenburg's Manual of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' now used as a text-book in some of our leading colleges." This item is especially interesting, as the work is published in Philadelphia, and was first printed during Capt. Fiske's boyhood.

This week adds another account to the published experiences of prisoners of war, in a volume entitled "Libby Life," written by Lieut.-Col. Canada, of the volunteer service. These experiences in the warehouse of Libby & Son differ from many others in this respect, that while all the monotony, suffering, and sorrow of the prison world are fully shown, there runs through the narrative a

vein of humor which so affects the whole that one is not absolutely repelled in reading of the privations and oftentimes torments that our officers have been compelled to undergo. One is pleased to read that some of the stories told of the barbarity of the commandant of Libby are exaggerated, and grieved in the authentication of the statement that on the approach of General Kilpatrick to Richmond the prison was mined, with the evident purpose of never allowing the prisoners to be taken away alive. The book is very much what one would expect from an officer looking upon life with a keen eye for the ridiculous, and makes very good reading for a spare hour or two in these warm days.

Two years ago, Rev. D. L. Gear commenced the formation of a Congregational church in this city. The numbers have increased so rapidly from this beginning that the stone chapel at Frankford road long since was found too small to accommodate all comers, and from it a second, and at length a third church have been formed. The public exercises of the third or Central church were commenced at Concert Hall three or four weeks ago, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and have been continued each Sabbath by Dr. Stone, of Boston, Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, and Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield. Last week the public recognition of the three Congregational churches, and the installation of Dr. Smiley as pastor of the second, occurred in the Academy of Music, in the presence of a very large audience. Drs. Joseph P. Thompson, Andrew L. Stone, John Todd, Leonard Bacon, and others, conducted the exercises, Rev. H. W. Beecher preaching the sermon. Thus New England Congregationalism has taken a strong foothold in this city.

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham has threatened the proprietor of the *Publishers' Circular* with prosecution, on account of the review of her book, "Woman and her Era," contained in the last number. The lady evidently dislikes to have her theories handled in the same free-and-easy style with which she handles the theories of others. T.

LONDON.

LONDON, May 18, 1864.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE only subject that offers itself to one's pen now is—Pictures. To-day is a king not in disguise in England. Nothing can prolong a sensation. You may walk the length of Oxford street now and hear no word about Garibaldi. You may sit in the clubs and hear nothing about Shakespeare. But the Royal Academy, Sir E. Landseer's horses and squirrels, Millais's little girls in rich dresses, and why Holman Hunt exhibits his pictures outside this year, are now themes employing all talkers and listeners. And truly the Royal Academy just now is something of which every Englishman may well be proud. Here are the proofs that England, failing as a great political power, is reaching an age of Art. There is not one touch of romance, or of nature, or of beauty, no mingling of light and shade and color, no electric passage of history, but seems to have found its interpreter. Everything seems to say, "England has lived her life, dreamed her dream and attained it; henceforth let her be satisfied to see her country and her history glorified with Art's autumal tints, which mean here what they mean in Venice and Rome—the Beauty of Decay. Instead of statesmen, let Millais, Hunt, and Landseer advance! Instead of great kings and heroes, let her 'rest and be thankful' that the artists live to be the higher curve of her winding stair on which the procession of those who once lived and ruled the world reappear in shadowy beautiful forms before a no longer trembling but admiring world." The next time Garibaldi appears here it will be on canvas, and Mr. Gladstone will never object a word! Do not suppose that I am sneering in this; I cannot help liking it, and as I walk through these glorified rooms find myself saying, "Hasten, happy day, to my own native land, when the War Department shall be a National Gallery, and Fort Pillow massacres and the like shall appear only as terrible paintings which send one shudderingly, but with keener taste, to some 'No. 1,000, 'The Golden Age,' by —"

One is at first impressed by the general beauty and character of the subjects. Art in England, at least, is not conventional. Comparatively few landscapes, great wealth of figures, and great power in representing oriental scenes, are apparent. It would seem that these quiet men in smoky London town, like the poor prisoners at the bird-fancier's, are dreaming of the far-away golden landscapes and the twilight of groves where human hearts repose, unawakened as yet by the commercial advances of Young England. Many of the artists are dreaming Tennysonian—there being here nine subjects from the Laureate. Robert Browning has inspired two—"Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Berenice"—

"Is a lady, such a lady, hands so white and lips so red;
On the neck the sun'll head buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breasts superb abundance."

Wyburd gets a subject from Longfellow, "Home in Acadia," and one of the best paintings in the exhibition is an *Excelsior* (life size) by Elmore. Every one, of course, on entering rushes to see the pictures of Millais, the new academician, of which there are five here. They are very disappointing pictures. His coloring is rich and his details excellent, but his subjects at once ambitious and uninteresting. His chief work this year is called "Leisure Hours." It represents two little girls dressed up in the stiffest and richest conventional dress of aristocratic society—covered with red velvet, jewels, and the like—their faces not lovely, but manifestly portraits from some noble family—seated on the rich carpet of a fine room, with a globe before them containing two gold-fishes. The picture will doubtless, when the exhibition is over, appear on the walls of some West-End Mansion as a portrait. Another he names from the Jacobite song "Charlie is my darling," but it is simply the portrait in riding-habit of a rather good-looking young girl. Nothing not aristocratic and bedizened is touched nowadays by Millais, and I fear he is letting out his genius (undoubtedly fine for warm color) to other patrons than retributively jealous art. Sir E. Landseer has some remarkably fine things this year; one called "Man proposes, God disposes," is a painting of great breadth of representation, and rises to sublimity. The scene is arctic, and

shows two polar bears tearing the shreds of top-gallants and other things belonging to the scattered remnants of a wreck; the bleached ribs of a man show the sad fate of the brave explorer. The same artist has an admirable painting called "Pensioners," representing two horses put away from the chase for ever, starting up, pricking ears, pawing the ground, at hearing the familiar sound of the horn, and seeing mounted huntsmen in the distance. The expression of grief and interest in their faces; the reanimation of their old muscles; the plain look in the face of an old gray, "It's too bad!"—all of these are true triumphs of genius.

But enticing as this subject is, I must conclude that some others are more so to your readers, and content myself with saying that, of the 1,062 works of art on exhibition this year, there is thought to be fewer poor ones than ever before; though there are heavy complaints that the old members of the Academy are still given to choosing the good places for their paintings to the exclusion of the younger artists about whom the public have more curiosity. Well, the young dogs will have their day (light) in the course of time.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

I am sorry to say that there is some hitch somewhere which must prevent the appearance of Tennyson's new volume. The book is in print, and just what prevents its appearance I cannot say; but I fear the impediment is not so temporary as we could desire. "Boadicea" and "Enoch" will therefore not at present be introduced to the eager crowd who were prepared to welcome them and the interesting attendants supposed to be with them. Mr. Browning's "Dramatis Personæ" will be ready, however, at the rising of the curtain next Monday, when all will have the chance of a hearty laugh over "Mr. Sludge, the Medium" (except the impaled Mr. Home), and must have a sigh and tear for the lover of James Lee. The book will add greatly to Browning's reputation, already growing in England. It may not be generally known that Browning is an amateur in sculpture. He is just now making a fine bust of Keats. This work of love, however, has been interrupted, I am sorry to say, by the death of his father, who resided at Margate, and was until now a hearty old gentleman who had reached the age of ninety-one.

Buckle's "History of Civilization," translated into French by M. Taine, has been put under ecclesiastical ban in Paris as "a book of damnable heresies." If Buckle were living now, he might reap something from that—that is, if Parisian bans were not so frequent of late on good, bad, and indifferent works as to be no longer authority as to the book you want.

A WORD FOR MR. SALA.

After reading lately a diatribe against the morals of Americans, by that morbidly sensitive saint G. A. Sala, I passed along the little street yept Holywell, which, for all its holy name, and its running under the shadow of old St. Clement's church, is devoted, from one end of it to the other, to the open, unblushing display and sale of obscene books—such books, I mean, as in New York it would be an instantly punished crime to sell. These books, with their well-known names (the world over), are paraded in large show-windows, plentifully sprinkled with prurient stereoscopic pictures; and so it has gone on for many years! But what the morality of London has never touched, the railways—excellent ethical reformers that they sometimes are—are doing. So down are coming some of the obscene-book stores of Holywell, and when the trains begin to pass the rest will probably skulk off to some other place in pious Mr. Sala's native city.

The many friends of Tom Brown at Oxford will be glad to learn that Thomas Hughes will be almost certainly a member of the next Parliament. Two boroughs have solicited him to come and contest for them with the Conservatives—Finsbury (London) and Leeds—the latter of which he will stand for.

ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROVERSIES.

The ecclesiastical controversies in the Church of England have had fresh fuel added by the appointment by the Bishop of London of Dean Stanley to preach the ordination sermon at St. Paul's on Trinity Sunday. The *Clerical Journal* prophesies that the diocese will be "soon torn with controversy." The *Saturday Review* has the following hit: "There is probably no enormity of which the lowest section of the clergy do not think Mr. Jowett and Dr. Colenso to be capable. Their zealous wives would keep a sharp eye upon the spoons in the presence of a man who thought Moses did not write Genesis, and would be very anxious about the great coats and umbrellas in the hall before a disbeliever in the eternity of punishment." On Sunday afternoon last (Whitsunday), when I went to hear Dr. Stanley preach, the birds were caroling about the arches and towers of old Westminster Abbey as if it were a grove of wood instead of a grove of stone; and inside, as I passed by the faces of Milton and Shakespeare and their worthy successors, I felt that only a very great man could utter his voice audibly amongst the gigantic shadows. But when the fine brow of Stanley was seen; when his eye shone over the great audience; when, taking for his text, "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life," he told those people that all those symbols around them—the litany, the music, the abbey with its tombs of noble men—were all dry bones, unless they could be interpreted in to-day's duty, and much concerning the need of a new spiritual faith—I confess that he seemed to me a great man! And it seemed to me as if that old abbey were like some ancient sacred aloe, with rings of Catholic and dark ages about its stem, which, under the breath of this earnest soul, were putting forth another century-blossom. And when his rich voice had ceased, and the child-choristers were uttering their anthem, I sat still before a great passionate window which showered saints and martyrs in "broken lights" on the altar, and repeated to myself, word for word, these sayings of the American thinker whom I most revere: "Rather let the breath of life be breathed by you through the forms already existing. For, if once you are alive, you shall find they shall become plastic and new. The remedy to their deformity is, first, soul, and second, soul, and ever, more, soul. A whole popedom of forms one pulsation of virtue can uplift and vivify." M. D. C.

THE GULF STREAM AS A DISCOVERY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ROUND TABLE:

On page 15 of Mr. Tuckerman's "America and her Commentators," in the chapter on "Early discoverers and explorers," there is the following extract:

"The Gulf Stream, which may be called the great commercial highway of nations, brought both of the continents bordering on the North Atlantic into direct connection. North America was therefore destined to be discovered by Europeans and not by Asiatics."

The Italics are mine. I should like to ask: First, to what if any extent did the Gulf Stream lead to the discovery of America (I am quite aware that Columbus, as well as other navigators, had noticed the stream—the different color of its water and its different temperature)? Secondly, suppose Asia had at that time been, as Spain actually was, the center of the civilization, the enterprise, the intelligence, and the commerce of the world, is it improbable to suppose that America might have been, nay, would have been discovered first by Asiatics; or was the Gulf Stream more immediately the cause of the discovery of America than the proud position held by Spain at that time, then in the very acme of her power and glory?

Very respectfully,

M. H. B.

CHATTANOOGA, May 29, 1864.

SCIENCE.

The most brilliant and beautiful light which can be artificially produced is that of a ball of quicklime kept violently hot by a flame of mixed ignited oxygen and hydrogen gases playing on its surface. Such a ball, if brought near enough to appear of the same size as the sun, can no more be looked at without injuring the eyes than the sun itself; but if it be held between the eye and the sun, and both the sun and the ball be so dimmed by a dark glass as to allow their being looked at together, it appears as a black spot on the sun's surface, or a black outline of the moon in an eclipse of the sun. The brightness of the surface of such a lime-ball is only 146th part of that of the sun's surface; that is, the sun gives out as much light as 146 balls of quicklime the size of the sun, each heated all over their surface in the manner described, which is the most intense heat we can raise, and in which platina melts like lead.

—A very simple and useful instrument for indicating the changes of the weather may be constructed of a glass tube ten inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, having its mouth covered with a piece of bladder perforated with a common needle. The tube must be partly filled with a mixture of two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of saltpeter, and half a drachm of sal ammoniac, pulverized and mixed with about two ounces of proof spirits. It may be suspended by a thread near a window. If the atmosphere is dry, the solid parts of the camphor will remain at the bottom and the liquid above quite clear. On approach of change the solid matter will gradually rise in the form of stars. On the approach of high winds it will rise in the shape of leaves, and appear near the surface in the form of fermentation often twenty-four hours before a storm.

—It has long been known that the solar spectrum is crossed by fine, dark lines. Upon careful examination it has been found that the spectra produced by the analysis of the light proceeding from all incandescent bodies have similar lines, but each substance gives its own peculiar arrangement to them. Thus we have a new method of chemical analysis; and so delicate is this test that several new metals have been discovered by it in substances which had been repeatedly analyzed with the utmost care by the old methods. It has recently been applied to the light of the heavenly bodies with such success as to make it probable that we shall soon be able to determine the chemical composition of even the fixed stars.

—An artificial rainbow may be formed by employing an electric light made by one hundred Bunsen elements, and transmitting its rays in a parallel direction by means of a lens through a slot in the form of an arc, to a double convex lens of very short focus, from which the rays pass to a prism, and emerge with sufficient divergence to make an effective rainbow on a screen eighteen or twenty feet distant.

—Congress is about chartering a new gas company for the city of Washington, to supply it with gas having a greater photometric value than that now in use, and at a maximum price of \$2 50 per 1,000 feet. The company are to lay down twenty-five miles of six inch mains (before the gas is sold), of the new patented bituminized pipe, of one-fifth the weight and one-half the price of iron, though quite as strong and not liable to oxidation.

—Sponges may be bleached by first washing them in warm and dilute solution of caustic soda; afterward with warm water. They are then plunged into a bath consisting of a dilute solution of hyposulphite of soda and some dilute hydrochloric acid. When sufficiently bleached they are taken out, well washed and dried.

—From observations made in Havana, it appears that the number of shooting stars in the northern hemisphere is double that in the southern. In the northern the largest number fall between one and two o'clock, in the southern between two and three.

—It has been discovered by experiment that persons generally hear more acutely with the right ear and see more keenly with the right eye.

—Mineral salt is now brought in ballast from Russia; it sells for \$20 per ton. It is mined in blocks, which to the eye appear to be quartz. It is as hard as stone. Ordinary salt will dissolve in one-fourth the time. It is quarried precisely like marble.

—Light from petroleum costs one-third as much as the same quantity from gas, at New York prices. Petroleum light is better for the eyes, and of superior quality in every respect. It is essential, however, to use a shade on the lamp; otherwise it is, if possible, worse for the eyes than gas.

—Stone bullets were used until the year 1514, when they were

supplanted by iron. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon-balls are still used in some of the Eastern countries.

—It has been discovered that many cases of deafness may be relieved, and in some cases permanently cured, by subjecting the patient to a compressed state of the atmosphere, as in a diving-bell or a coffer-dam, especially when the deafness is owing to thickening of the drum of the ear.

—A very common tree in the Ilhas do Mato, in the region of the Amazon in South America, is the Breio Branco. It secretes from the inner bark an aromatic white resin resembling camphor in smell and appearance. The fruit is a small black berry, and the whole tree has the same fragrance. Another tree, much rarer than the Breio Branco, viz., the Umiri (*humirum floribundum*), growing in the same localities, distills in a similar way an oil of the most *recherché* fragrance. The yield is very small. To obtain the oil large strips of bark are loosened and pieces of cotton left to soak underneath, and daily pressed into a vial. An ounce may be obtained in the course of a month.

—A new railroad pass has been recently discovered over the Sierra Nevada on the upper or eastern head-waters of the Kern River. It is said to be much lower in altitude than any yet discovered. This pass is nearly on a parallel with the town of San Luis Obispo, and is easily reached toward the coast over the Kern Lake plateau by the old pass of the Estrella, and so goes on by another road near the quicksilver mines to San Simeon Bay. The discovery of this new pass is a matter of importance to the miners and settlers of the Kern River district, and of the Owen Lake and Coso county, and also the slate range district, all of which regions are believed to be exceedingly rich in tin, mercury, gold, copper, and silver, and only need population, time, and capital to develop them.

—Since the publication of the first part of Prof. Kirchhoff's "Researches on the Solar Spectrum," published in a former number of the ROUND TABLE, M. Hoffman, his pupil, has continued his investigation in regard to the nature of the material composition of the sun, deduced from the sun's rays. A large number of iron lines occur in the blue and yellow portions of the solar spectrum, so also calcium lines. The probability that nickel is visible is greatly increased by numerous coincidences between bright nickel lines and dark ones in the solar beams. New coincidences with barium, copper, and zinc lines confirm the presence of these elements in the incandescent envelop of the sun. Among the atmospheric lines catalogued, four are coincident with some remarkable bright lines appearing in the electric spark in passing through the air.

—Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Company, of London have purchased the entire works of the Gutta Percha Company, and formed a new firm under the name of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, for the purpose of making and maintaining telegraph lines of communication, both submarine and by land, in every part of the world. The new company are to carry out the contract of laying down the cable between Ireland and Newfoundland in the summer of 1865.

—M. Leverrier has recently presented the Academy of Sciences in France with the first volume of the splendid folio edition of the astronomical books of King Alphonso X., of Castile, printed at Madrid by order of the Queen in the thirteenth century. The royal writer divided the work into sixteen parts, but begins it with a catalogue of the fixed stars, in order to help the astronomers of his time to the complete knowledge of all the constellations. He treats of the apparatus and instruments necessary for the observation of the fixed stars and of the planets, which he calls *estrellas moviediras* (moving stars). The astronomers of Toledo give the Arab names of 330 of the principal stars, with the Spanish names opposite.

—The great elevator to be built this summer in Milwaukee will have a capacity of one million three hundred thousand bushels. It will be provided with nine receiving and five shipping elevators with 45,000 bushels taking and 25,000 giving capacity per hour.

—Cotton is now beginning to be cultivated through all the southern portions of Italy, and great interest is felt in its production since this great staple is cut short in the United States for the present.

—In Tobago it is said there is a species of beetle nearly the size of a man's hand. It fixes itself against a tree and commences a humming noise, which quickly increases to a whistle. At length it increases in intensity till it almost equals a railroad whistle. There is another species of beetle called the razor-grinder, that imitates the sound of a knife-grinding machine so exactly that it is impossible to divest oneself of the idea that one is not listening in reality to some knife-grinder who has wandered out into the tropical wilds.

—The first American organ-builder was Edward Bromfield, of Boston. He was graduated at Harvard in 1742, and died at the age of twenty-three. His organ had two banks of keys and several hundred pipes. Its workmanship was said to exceed anything of the kind which had been imported from Europe.

—A clock has been recently invented which resembles an ordinary thermometer. Its progress is marked by the indicating scale on the side. When it has run down the whole instrument is reversed, and it is ready for another twelve hours' work. It is said to nearly equal the best time-keepers.

—A marine clock is now said to be attached in some places to street lamps, by which the gas is turned off at precisely the moment desired. Why may it not be turned on and lighted in the same way?

—It has been recently discovered that certain old guns used as posts on the quay at Peel, in the Isle of Man, were *rifled*. The British Government has ordered them to be transported to Woolwich, where they are to be preserved as the earliest specimens of rifled ordnance.

—Steel plates or tubes may be welded while cold if perfectly smooth and subjected to great pressure.

—There is a tenement house in the city of New York having sixty-eight rooms eight by ten feet, containing seventy families of

one hundred and forty-four adults and one hundred and thirty-eight children, eleven dogs and forty-three cats.

—Aluminum bronze is now coming into use in France for making shuttles for weaving.

—It is asserted that animal substances may be preserved from decomposition by being covered by a mixture of alum and gum benzoine with water, forming a layer of varnish, excluding the air.

—A company has been formed in Salem, Mass., with a capital of \$20,000, called the "Salem Leg Company," for the manufacture of what is known as the "Salem Leg."

—The number of printing presses now in operation or ready for use in the Treasury building in Washington is so large that, if placed in a line, they would reach more than a quarter of a mile.

—Two whales, 40 feet in length, taken off Sandy Hook, were recently towed in to Fulton Market slip. They will make forty barrels of oil. Their tails measured fifteen feet in width.

—In 1860 the product of labor for each person in Massachusetts was \$235; in Maryland, \$96; in South Carolina, \$56. Thus in free and educated Massachusetts the reward of labor is more than double that in Maryland, and four times that in South Carolina.

—Hailstones sometimes fall at the rate of one hundred and thirteen feet in a second, and rain at the rate of forty-three feet in a second.

—It is believed that we have ordnance in our navy department unsurpassed by that of any other navy in the world.

—Columbia College, in this city, is establishing a separate course of scientific instruction.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A REGULAR meeting of this society was held on Thursday evening, June 2, the president, Judge Greenwood, presiding. The librarian's report for the month showed that the library and collections have been increased by the receipt of 499 bound volumes, 314 unbound volumes and pamphlets, 1 manuscript, 21 curiosities and relics, 8 maps, 3 pictures, 89 coins, and 10 medals. Of the books, 469 were donated, 276 purchased, and 68 obtained by exchange. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Alvin C. Bradley, who made quite a flutter among the members of the society by advancing some peculiar ideas upon the "War and the Constitution."

Considerable stir was made by the address, and a lively discussion followed it. When the excitement was at its height, a motion to adjourn was made and carried.

BOSTON NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

On the afternoon of the 2d inst. the Natural History Society of Boston dedicated their new museum on the back bay lands, corner of Boylston and Berkeley streets. President Hill of Harvard College opened the exercises with prayer. Prof. Rogers spoke of the rise of the society from its humble beginnings, when it met in the office of a private gentleman, to its present prosperity. Repeated applications were made to the legislature before any appropriations were made to the institution, and not even then until Gov. Andrew had called attention to it in his annual messages. The society rooms are to be opened every Wednesday and Saturday to the people of the state and the citizens of Boston for exhibiting its collections in the various departments of natural history. The building for its purposes is one of the finest in the state, and its collections in some departments bid fair to rival any now in the country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & Co.—First Principles of a New System of Philosophy, by Herbert Spencer; Freedom of Mind in Willing; or, Every Being that Will is a Creative First Cause, by Rowland G. Hazard; History of the Romans Under the Empire, by Charles Merivale, B.D., Vol. IV.

SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge, Mass.—Catalogue of Postage Stamps, American and Foreign, and U. S. Revenue Stamps; Does the Bible sanction American Slavery? by Goldwin Smith; Democracy in America, by Alexis de Tocqueville, translated by Henry Reeve, retranslated and edited with Notes by Francis Bowen, 2 vols.; The Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan; A Treatise on Logic; or, the Laws of Pure Thought, comprising both the Aristotelic and Hamiltonian analyses of Logical Forms, and some chapters on Applied Logic, by Francis Bowen.

JAMES MILLER.—History of the City of New York, from its earliest settlement to the present time, by Mary L. Booth, illustrated with 100 engravings; Faust: an Exposition of Goethe's Faust, from the German of Carl Alex. von Reichen-Meidegg, Prof. Phil. at the University of Heidelberg, translated by R. H. Chittenden.

CHARLES W. CORNELL, Syracuse, N. Y.—Tobacco Culture adapted to the Northern Section of the United States, second edition, revised.

J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, Mass.—Wax Flowers and How to Make them; Haunted Hearts, by the author of "The Lamplighter."

HERD & HOUGHTON.—Art Idea: Part Second of Confessions of an Inquirer, by J. J. Jarvis.

GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, Mass.—Light and Darkness; or, Christ discovered in his true character, by a Unitarian; The Memorial Hour; or, the Lord's Supper, in its relations to doctrine and life, by Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D.

MASON BROTHERS.—Life and Times of Aaron Burr, by James Parton, 2 vols.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.—A Memorial of the Rev. Bird Wilson, D.D., LL.D., late Emeritus Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Gen. Theolog. Seminary of the Protestant Church in the U. S. of A., by W. White Bronson, A.M.

C. B. RICHARDSON.—U. S. Service Magazine, Vol. I., January to June.

G. P. PUTNAM & HENRY HOLY.—The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents, Narratives, Illustrative Incidents, Poetry, etc., edited by Frank Moore; Supplement, first volume, with 12 portraits and various maps and engravings; The Spy Unmasked, a Story of the Revolution; Champe's Adventures, by Gen. Henry Lee.

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THE WORKING FARMER for September contains much of interest to farmers and gardeners. Prof. Mapes gives this paper a standing with those who desire agricultural information.—Fishkill Journal.

THE WORKING FARMER.—This is the title of a valuable agricultural paper, published monthly by Wm. L. Allison, New York city. The sixteenth volume commenced on the 1st of January. Its past success is sufficient guarantee that it is appreciated by the agricultural community. It is certainly a valuable acquisition to every farmer's household both for the information it contains concerning agricultural pursuits, and for its excellent miscellaneous reading.—Perryburg (Ohio) Journal.

THE WORKING FARMER, a large monthly journal of 32 pages, quarto, is just received. In perusing its columns we are willing to avow that its title is justly significant.—Manufacturers' Journal, N. Y.

THE WORKING FARMER.—This is a valuable periodical for the cultivator of the soil, and should be in the house of every Colorado farmer.—Weekly Commonwealth, Denver city, Colorado Territory.

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